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JOSEPH PAXTON,

THE ARCHITECT OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING.

We this week present our readers with the Portrait of Joseph Paxton, a man whose name will hereafter stand enrolled among those whose works have done honor to their time and country. Mr. Paxton, who, as all his friends know, and as all the admirers of his character and genius will be glad to learn, is in the very prime and vigor of his age, and bids fair to enrich not only science but literature, with many contributions

worthy of his now great name, has acquired a reputation as wide as the civilized world, by the conception of the great idea of the "Crystal Palace," a building to which history offers no parallel, either in the past or the present. Whether we consider the noble and humanizing purposes to which that building is consecrated, the appropriateness, the elegance, the vastness, and the beauty of the design, or its simple, but most admirable novelty, we must acknowledge Mr. Paxton's high claims to the grateful appreciation of his contemporaries, and to that enduring place in the national annals which is the best reward of all true greatness in any and every department of public usefulness.

Mr. Paxton, like most other men of note, is "self-made." He owes his high position to his own intellect and industry; and can say of his own right hand, and of his own courage and perseverance, and of the assiduous cultivation of his mind and heart, that they alone raised him from the humblest rank of the honest working-men of his country, to the enviable position in which he now stands.

Mr. Paxton, whose original profession, as is well known, was, as it still is, that of a landscape gardener, was first employed in a responsible capacity by his Grace the Duke of Somerset, at Wimbledon. From that situation he passed, about twelve or thirteen years ago, as we are informed, into the service of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth; but that nobleman was not slow to perceive that Mr. Paxton possessed administrative faculties, and a knowledge of and skill in financial arrangement of a high order, in which capacities, we believe, he has been of essential service in the management of the Duke's estates, both in England and Ireland.

There are indeed few instances of scientific application which present so many points of interest as the circumstances by which this gentleman has earned his present fame as the architect of the Great Exhibition Building. With the name of Mr. Paxton have long been associated the glories of Chatsworth, and the sole contrivance of the vast conservatory, which the King of Saxony graphically compared to "a tropical scene with a glass sky." The house built from Mr. Paxton's design, for the flowering of the *Victoria regia*, was, however, the immediate parent of the Great Exhibition Building. A design for the latter structure had already been prepared, but had failed to impress the public with its fitness for the purpose; and Mr. Paxton, apprehensive that an irreparable blunder would be committed in the intended Building, proposed to the Executive Committee another design. Certain difficulties lay in the way, but Mr. Paxton was not to be deterred; his mind was made up; "and" said the Duke of Devonshire at a public meeting held at Bakewell; "I never knew Mr. Paxton resolve to undertake what he did not fully accomplish." On the morning of the 18th of June, whilst presiding at a railway committee, he sketched upon a sheet of blotting paper his idea for the great Industrial Building. He sat up all that night, until he had worked out the design to his satisfaction; and the elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were completed in ten days. Next morning, Mr. Paxton started from Derby by railway for the metropolis; and in the same train and carriage was Mr. Robert Stephenson, the engineer—a member, moreover, of the Royal Commission, and who, at Mr. Paxton's request, examined the plans.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the engineer—"worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth!—a thousand times better than any thing that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!"

"Will you lay them down before the Royal Commission?"

"I will," was the reply.

Next day the Royal Commission met; but Mr. Stephenson had not an opportunity of submitting Mr. Paxton's plans to his colleagues and Prince Albert; the office was, however, delegated to an able hand, Mr. Scott Russell, one of the secretaries of the Commission. Mr. Paxton next waited upon Prince Albert at Buckingham Palace, to explain the details. The scheme was referred to the Building Committee, who could not entertain it, as they had devised a plan. However, Mr. Paxton appealed to the public judgment in the Illustrations and pages of this Journal, and the practicability, simplicity, and beauty of the scheme instantly became popular. Thus encouraged, Mr. Paxton next procured a tender to be sent in to the Building Committee for his design. This was prepared by Messrs. Fox and Hen-

derson; and at length Mr. Paxton's plan was tendered by them as an "improvement" on the Committee's design, and their offer proved to be the lowest. It will be recollected what followed: the Crystal Palace was eventually chosen unanimously, not only by the Building Committee but by the Royal Commission; and the many thousands who assembled within the fairy-like structure at its inauguration, on Thursday last, must have been impressed with the soundness of this decision.

Such is a brief *résumé* of the circumstances which led to this fortunate adoption of Mr. Paxton's design: a more fitting temple for the world's industrial treasures could not be devised; and it was but a just recognition of its author's great share in contributing to the success of the Exhibition, that he led the inauguration pageant on Thursday.

Mr. Paxton is a distinguished Fellow of the Linnæan and Horticultural Societies, and has produced a Botanical Dictionary of accredited worth, besides editing the "Flower Garden" and other botanical and horticultural works. The gardens at Chatsworth form an excellent finishing school for young men; and many foreigners having received here instructions in horticulture, has invested Mr. Paxton's taste and skill with European celebrity.

The accompanying Portrait, an excellent likeness, is from a photograph by Kilburn.

[Illustrated London News.

A THANKSGIVING.

BY ELIZA COOK.

ALMIGHTY Spirit! Father, Lord! Thou worshipped! thou unknown!
Whose mystic glory spreadeth round a universal throne;
Whose breath is in the summer wind, and in the ocean's roar,
Whose presence lights the saintly shrine and fills the desert shore.

Thou who dost guide the lightning shaft, and mark the rainbow's span;
Creator of the reptile worm, and fashioner of man;
Hear Thou my song of praise and love! Hear Thou my song, oh, God!
My temple dome is Thy broad sky, my kneeling-place Thy sod.

Far from the busy world, alone, I bring my heart to Thee,
And bend in fervent homage where no eye but Thine can see;
I seek Thee, and it cannot be that seeking will be vain,
Because Thy servant does not stand within a cloister'd fane.

Who will, may give the sacrifice, reeking in gory flood,
And supplicate a God with hands all hot and dark with blood;
I could not sue for mercy at a victim-laden shrine—
The altar and the incense of the mountain-top be mine.

I would not have the zealot priest in white robes at my side,
Such robes too often mask a form corrupt with sin and pride;
No cold and formal hypocrite my faith and hopes shall bear,
My warm and trusting soul shall yield its own adoring prayer.

I thank Thee, God! enough of joy has marked my span of days,
To thrill my heart with gratitude and wake the words of praise:
I have accepted at Thy hand much more of good than ill,
And all of trouble has but shown the wisdom of Thy will.

I see the climbing sun disperse the misty clouds of night,
And pour devotion to the One who said "Let there be light;"
I watch the peeping star that gleams from out the hazy west,
And offer thanks to Him who gave his creatures hours of rest.

I see the crystal dew-drop stand upon the bending stem,
And find as much of glory there as in the diamond gem;
I look upon the yellow fields, I pluck the wild hedge-flower,
And pause to bless Thy lavish hand, and wonder at its power

Thou, God! beneficent, supreme, all-bounteous! could I bring
My trembling soul before *Thee*, as before a tyrant king?
Never! my secret orisons are raptured as sincere;
I love, I serve, I worship Thee, but never yet could *fear*.

I see too much of happiness for human hearts to find,
To hold the Maker that bestows as aught else but the kind:
Let man be but as kind to man, and soon our woe and strife
Would fade away like mists, and leave us well content with life.

And what is death, that e'en its thought should
make us sigh and weep?
The grave, to me, but seems a couch of sound and
holy sleep;
Why should I dread the fiat, when my trusting
spirit knows
That He who bids my eyelids fall will watch their
last repose?

THE CONTRAST.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

THE SOLDIER.

See the poor soldier! no unworthy name—
When wielding moral weapons 'gainst the shame,
Born of a thousand social ills and wrongs,
Which dash with bitterness the poet's songs—
See the poor soldier! from less guilty life,
Coaxed or coerced to tread the fields of strife,
Caught in a tavern, in a barrack bred
To things that blight his heart and cloud his head;
Shut up his sympathies, enslave his soul,
Hold natural impulse in a stern control;
Hoodwink his reason, paralyze his speech,
Uproot his virtues—all that's good unteach—
Till he becomes,—Oh, man, thrice brave and blest!
In war a terror, and in peace a pest!
And if he dare, for manhood sometimes will,
Break through its bondage spite of every ill,—
If he but dare—by look, word, act, or flaw—
Mark his impatience of the iron law,
The *Lash*, laid ready for the needful hour,
That *just* and *gentle* instrument of power,
That man-degrading, man-upbraiding thing,
Bearing at every point a scorpion's sting,
Tears up the quivering flesh, extorts the groan,
Rouses to vengeance, or subdues to stone,
Making the being, it pretends to win,
A restless, reckless follower of sin;
Or a machine, now dead to fear and shame,
Whereby the well-born coward climbs to fame!
Fame, did I say? Can that enchanting thing,
For whose great guerdon Genius strains his wing,
Bedim his lustrous records with the tale
Of deeds whereat the harass'd World turns pale?
They write it *fame;* but Reason, Truth, and Song,
Must find a darker word to designate the *Wrong!*

THE STUDENT.

Lo! in that quiet and contracted room,
Where the dull lamp just mitigates the gloom,
Sits a pale student, full of high desires,
With lofty principles and soul-lit fires,
From time to time, with calm, inquiring looks,
He draws the ore of wisdom from his books;
Clears it, sublimes it, till it flows refined
From his alchymic crucible of mind;
And as the mighty thoughts spring out complete,
How the quill travels o'er snowy sheet!
Till signs of glorious import crowd the page,
Destined to raise and rectify the age;
For every drop from that soul-guided pen,
Shall fall a blessing on the hearts of men;
Shall rouse the listless to triumphant toils,
Wean the unruly from their sins and broils;
Teach the grown man, and in the growing child
Transfuse a power to keep it undefiled;
Solace the weary, animate the sad,
Restrain the reckless, make the dullest glad,
Sow in the bosom of our rising youth
The seed of unadulterated truth;
Uproot the lingering errors of the throng,
Break down the barriers of remorseless Wrong;
Direct mind's onward march, and in the van
Send back electric thought from man to man:
This is the Pen's high purpose. Can it fail?
Soul! scorn the shameful doubt, press forward and
prevail!
Oh! for a day of that triumphant time,
That universal jubilee sublime,
When Marlboroughs shall be useless, and the
name
Of Miltons travel through a wider fame;
When other Nelsons shall be out of place,
While other Newtons pierce the depths of space;
When other Wellingtons—proud name! shall
yield
To mightier Watts, in a far ampler field!
When other Shakspeares shall awake the mind
To Hero-worship of a purer kind;
When War's red banner shall for aye be furl'd,
And Peace embrace all climes, all children of the
world!

RHYMES FOR WORKERS.

BY ERNEST WATMOUGH.

Read a poem; 'tis a pleasant
And a soul-refreshing deed;
Read a poem, 'tis improving,
But consider while you read.
Prize the words for they are jewels
From the spirit's choicest mine;
Learn their import, and their teachings
With thine own ideas combine.

Write a poem; if the power
To accomplish it is given;
Write it, with a noble purpose,
Making earth the nearer heaven.
Let not love's delirious passion
Be enwoven in thy theme;
Make the cause of human progress
The incentive of thy dream.

Live a poem; for 'tis better
Than to read or write a lay;
Live a poem; men shall read thee
In thine actions day by day.
If with deeds by virtue prompted,
Thou shalt make thy life sublime;
Thou wilt prove a noble poem
Lasting to the end of time.

From the "American Review."

THE OUT-DOOR ARTIST.

From the French of Emile Vanderburck.

THE entire population of the good city of Brussels was stirring. Talma, the great French tragedian, was to close his engagement this evening in Leonidas, the author of which drama, young Pichot, had so lately been snatched from classic literature on the eve of his first triumph.

The doors of the theatre had been besieged almost since the break of day; to the south the train of eager spectators extended as far as the extremity of the *Place de la Monnaie*. It was evident that the old theatre could not contain the crowd that thronged, in anxious expectation, around its doors.

The hero of this species of ovation, the personage who thus excited the enthusiasm of these worthy beer-drinkers of ancient Brabant—a race of men by nature very phlegmatic—was standing at a window of the *Hôtel de la Croix-Blanche*, quietly occupied in shaving himself. His glance fell occasionally with great indifference upon this crowd, that was attracted by himself alone, as if he were accustomed to such triumphs, and accepted them like a monarch who does not allow himself to be intoxicated by the enthusiasm of the people.

He was conversing familiarly with an old friend, an inhabitant of the city, a great amateur of the drama, who had even made an attempt upon the boards in his time, though unsuccessfully indeed. Thanks, however, to the protection of Talma, who was all-powerful under the Empire, he had exchanged the buskin, which suited him so ill, for a trifling post in the revenue department, which suited him but little better, but in which he was at least sheltered against hisses. The fall of the imperial Colossus had not displaced the *protégé* of the great artist. Governments are changed, empires crumble, but taxes and tax-gatherers are permanent.

"Well, well! he will not come," said the tragedian in a tone of vexation, which seemed caused by wounded vanity; "he is an old madman, a misanthrope. And still, I assure you, my dear M. Lesec, I got up *Leonidas* expressly for him, thinking to cause him a pleasure, and to flatter his old republican ideas. It is the most tedious and declamatory tragedy that we have played since *Germanicus;* but I produce an effect in it by a few pompous and patriotic verses which it contains, especially in the provinces; and this good David would have thought he beheld his own painting brought upon the stage. But he will not come; he has refused you; I was sure of it. Age, exile, the memory of the past, all these have sadly changed him; he is no longer our David of the Consulate."

"I have just left him," replied the collector. "He received me somewhat as Hermione receives Orestes in the fourth act of Andromache. He was bitter-sweet, to say the least. 'I never go to the theatre,' he cried roughly. 'Tell my friend Talma that I thank him for his kind intentions, but that I always retire at nine o'clock. He will do me a favor if, before his departure, he will come and drink a can of beer and smoke a pipe with me.'"

"He is completely turned into a Fleming," replied Talma sarcastically. "Poor genius! to this it comes at last! to smoke Dutch tobacco, and to despise the arts. Persecution does more harm than the guillotine, my dear Lesec," added the tragedian, in a tone of bitterness; "it kills our great men in their lifetime, and deprives us, perhaps, of twenty *chefs d'œuvre*. I pardon the Restoration for surrounding itself with men of empty brains, but it ought not to exile our men of talent; they are not so very plenty in these times. But let us drop the subject; a little more, and we should be talking politics."

Talma finished shaving, as any private individual would have done, his companion gazing upon him the while in wondering silence, as if he thought it extraordinary that the representative of so many heroes and demi-gods could deign to remove his own beard. The crowd upon the square kept continually increasing, promising to *Leonidas* an ample harvest of pistoles and of crowns.

"Do you know, my dear M. Lesec," said the great actor suddenly, as he sponged his chin with cold water, and half closed his eyes, as if he were about to utter a sarcasm; "do you know that our stern republicans are oftentimes as thoroughly imbued with aristocratic notions as the old *noblesse?* I

will bet you ten Napoleons that David would have come to the theatre if I had gone and invited him in person. I thought of doing so, but I had not time. I have been plying here the trades of manager and prompter. These rehearsals are killing me; to teach talking puppets in perukes, to play tragedy! Stay, I have still about three quarters of an hour at my disposal: I will go and attack this old Roman in his citadel. Will you accompany me?"

"Willingly," replied M. Lesec, shaking his head, like a man who consents to a proposal, but with little expectation of success.

The tragedian, whose air was quite common-place when he was off the stage, drew on his overcoat, and familiarly gave his arm to his friend the collector, who, quite proud of such a companion, walked with his stateliest step in crossing the *Place de la Monnaie*, assuming to himself a liberal share of the glances of curiosity and admiration which greeted our two friends as they passed along. They soon left the crowd, however, and turned from the *Rue Pierre Plate* into the *Rue de la Fourche*.

"We are about to encounter a hurricane, my illustrious friend," said M. Lesec; "prepare yourself. As for me, I throw the whole burden upon your shoulders; I will not meddle with the matter."

"Has he changed into a complete lycanthrope, then?" rejoined the actor, quickening his step. "Poor exile! poor dying genius! I pity thee!"

The two soon reached the new Louvre of the celebrated artist, which, notwithstanding its seclusion and its antiquated air, seemed quite a comfortable abode. A woman, of at least sixty years of age, with difficulty opened the heavy door, not without having first examined the visitors through a little grated loop-hole. Finally, they were admitted into an ill-lighted and somewhat disordered saloon, the ornaments and furniture of which, by a singular anomaly, presented relics of the taste of the last two centuries; and the master of the French school of painting, the celebrated David, entering from an adjoining apartment, advanced to meet them, with a quick, yet almost majestic step, although his form had already begun to bend somewhat beneath the weight of years.

To the great surprise of Talma, who expected but a cold reception, David smiled upon him, and cast the large pipe that he held upon an arm-chair, in order warmly to clasp both his friend's hands.

"*Sacrebleu!* you are welcome, my old comrade!" he cried abruptly; "you could not have come at a better moment. I feel a joy that I have not experienced for a long while. Your presence but augments it." And the old painter rubbed his hands together, which with him was a sign of uncommon satisfaction.

Talma glanced at M. Lesec, as if to say: "The devil is not so black as you painted him." The worthy collector replied only in pantomime. His outstretched arms, and his eyes dilated to their utmost width, signified plainly: "I cannot comprehend it; it seems that the barometer has changed. This is positive, however, I for my part was received like a dog in a game of skittles. You will say, 'A humble clerk of the revenue department and the French Roscius are two very different persons,' I suppose."

"*Sacrebleu!* you must promise to come and dine with me to-morrow," resumed the painter, accompanying this cordial invitation with a smile; and the smile upon M. David's grave and austere face bore a considerable resemblance to a grimace, and the more so because, as is well known, he had a tumor in the mouth, which, when he spoke with animation, drew his cheek awry, and embarrassed his utterance.

"I cannot accept your invitation, my old comrade," replied Talma in a tone of regret; "I play this evening for the last time, and to-morrow I set out for Paris."

"You set out to-morrow?"

"I am obliged to do so. Michelet and Damas have the whole burden of the theatre upon their shoulders; the committee urges my return. Lemercier is only waiting for me, to rehearse a kind of Richard III."

"*Sacrebleu!* I mock at your committee; you shall depart day after to-morrow; a single day will not cause the *Théâtre Française* to die of hunger. I expect my friend Girodet, and you must dine with us. It will make me younger by twenty years; it will remind me of our meetings at Koliker's, near the gate of the Louvre."

The illustrious exile accompanied this sentence with a second smile, even more ter-

rifying than the first. The actor was greatly moved by it. There was something painful in this bitter smile; it seemed to betoken regret for his distant country.

"I will remain, I will remain for your sake, my good David!" replied the tragedian warmly; "for your sake I will neglect my duty—I will steal a day from my friends and associates; but it is on condition that you will make a slight sacrifice in my favor, and come this evening to see me play Leonidas."

"Well, well! be it so! I consent," replied the painter, whom the expected arrival of his friend Girodet had rendered joyous and almost affable. "I will come; but so much the worse for you, my friend, if I nod a little; that has happened to me almost every time that I set foot in a theatre."

"The plaudits with which M. Talma will be overwhelmed will wake you, M. David," said the obsequious M. Lesec; and this polite sally gained him in his turn a smile and an invitation for the morrow, which he accepted with pride, although at the risk of compromising himself somewhat with the Prince of Orange.

"Decidedly, he has his good moments," said Talma to M. Lesec, when they had left the house. "It is to Girodet that we owe this."

"This visit causes him great pleasure," rejoined the collector. "Le Gros also came to see him, about a year ago. The poor old man leaped for joy, and wept like a child."

"And not one of them has sufficient influence to procure his return to France!" rejoined Talma, with a tragic sigh.

On the same evening, between six and seven o'clock, the old French painter and baron of the Empire, having ventured to put on a black coat, with a new red ribbon in the button-hole, entered, almost confused and timid, the great theatre of Brussels, and ensconced himself, as quietly as he could, in the stage box, which his friend Talma had caused to be reserved for him. He was accompanied by the officious M. Lesec, more proud, more radiant, more carefully beruffled and befrizzled than if he had been appointed first clerk of the finances. But, in spite of all the precautions of the modest artist to preserve his incognito, the rumor of his presence was soon spread abroad in the house. He was recognized; all rose respectfully; innumerable bravos resounded from the pit to the gallery. It is said that a noble prince, a worthy descendant of the house of Nassau, accompanied by his young son, was not among the last to applaud the illustrious exile, who, agitated and affected, bowed awkwardly to the assembly, saying to M. Lesec:

"Ah, well, my friend, they still remember me! They know, then, here in Brussels, that I exist, or nearly so."

"The country of so many celebrated painters," replied the courteous collector, "owes these testimonials of admiration to a great man who demands of her an asylum."

"Enough! enough!" said M. David, who wished to preserve his good humor, and to whom this compliment brought back a painful remembrance; "do not forget that I have come here to see Talma." Leonidas soon appeared in truth, and in his turn attracted universal attention. Every glance was fixed upon him; every breath in that crowded assembly was hushed at the sound of his voice: at every sentence of the magnanimous Spartan the house shook with redoubled bravos. The painter of *The Rape of the Sabines*, of *Brutus*, of *The Oath of the Tennis Court*, of the picture of *The Coronation*, remained calm, motionless, mute, amid these alternate scenes of tumult and of breathless silence. He did not hear the plaudits of the house; his soul was elsewhere; he forgot even that he was seeing and listening to his friend Talma. He was at Thermopylæ, beside Leonidas himself; he was ready to die with him and his three hundred Spartans. Never had he felt himself so deeply moved. Far from yielding to sleep, as he had seemed to fear, his cheek glowed and his brow was covered with sweat, as if he were taking an active part in the heroic deed of devotion which formed the subject of this drama. At last the curtain fell. It was some moments before he could recover his composure, and when he had completely returned to himself, he was able only to utter the words, "*Mon Dieu!* how glorious it is to possess talent like that."

On leaving the house, the crowd thronged around the French artist, who quickened his steps in order to escape from this last triumph, but who felt intoxicated with happi-

ness, with joy, and with old remembrances. It was the fairest day of his exile, and he was smiling at the thought that this day was to be followed by a happy morrow, when a young woman of a slender and graceful form, her face serious and regular, her attire elegant, advanced towards him, and said, reaching out her hand:

"Permit the grand-niece of Franklin, Madame Hobart, to pay a tribute of admiration to an illustrious exile."

The old man bowed, pressed his lips upon the gloved hand of the beautiful American, but he could not find the slightest compliment to address her. A stranger now presented himself, with an air almost of supplication, holding in his hand an open portfolio and a crayon.

"M. David," said the young Englishman, with a very guttural accent, "will you have the kindness to draw me a line, a single line upon this paper?"

"A line?" replied the painter with a smile, scarcely comprehending the wish of this insular amateur in autographs; "why not two?" He took the crayon and traced two parallel lines upon the paper, though not with true geometrical accuracy. The Englishman overwhelmed him with thanks, then turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

A sweet night, passed in golden dreams, succeeded to this happy day, and at early dawn the poor exile, who was usually so gloomy and taciturn, rose, for the first time, cheerful and almost gay, and admonished his housekeeper, who was surprised to find that he had risen before her, to get breakfast ready, and to think in advance of the dinner, which he wished should be worthy of the renowned guests whom he expected.

"How! you are going out, sir, and so early?" cried the good woman, on observing that her master had his hat upon his head, and his cane in his hand.

"Yes, mother Rebecca," replied M. David, with a smile, advancing to the outer door; "I take the liberty of going out, and of walking alone, like a grown-up boy."

"But it is scarcely daylight; all the shops are still closed."

"I do not think of making purchases."

"But where, I ask, can you be going, then, at this hour?"

"Ha, *sacrebleu!*" replied the impatient painter; "can you not guess, old beldame? Why, I am going as far as the gate of Flanders, to meet my comrade Girodet."

"That is another thing; but are you sure that he will enter by this gate? Has he informed you of the exact hour—"

"Ha, *mordieu!* what is that to me? If I meet him, I shall embrace him some moments sooner, and if I should walk for an hour along the road, while waiting for him, it will divert me; it will be exercise. Doctor Franchomme has recommended it to me. Go now to your work, and see that the roast beef does not burn."

With these words, the former member of the Convention crossed the threshold of his solitary habitation, striking the pavement with his iron-shod cane, as if he had given a proof of his authority, and laughing in his sleeve at the expression depicted in the face of the old domestic, who gazed after him as he departed with an air of stupefaction.

The old man walked with a firm step; he inhaled, with full lungs, the fresh morning breeze; he was gay, young, and happy; he was about to behold a friend again. But in his eagerness, he had anticipated the time at which the diligence usually arrived, by nearly two hours; he did not perceive this mistake until he had walked for a considerable while in the large and filthy suburb, which lies adjacent to the gate of Flanders. His pipe, the faithful companion of his studio and of his exile, he had left behind him; in his hurry he had forgotten it. He continued his solitary walk, busied with pleasant thoughts, and diverted from them only by the passing of the workmen repairing to their labors, and of the market women hastening, with all the speed allowed them by their Flemish rotundity, towards the market *De l'Horologe.*

When we are lounging on alone, above all, when we are waiting for some one, we act like children; we resort to every device to kill time, and to appear to be doing something. A flower-pot at a window, a magpie in a cage, a fly in the air, renders us the service of occupying our thoughts for a moment. M. David was so fortunate as to encounter during his prolonged walk an artist at work in the open air, a glazier doubtless, rather than a painter, who, mounted upon a ladder, was flourishing his brush with the confidence and enthusiasm

of Le Gros, completing his admirable cupola of Sainte Geneviève.

The painter of *The Coronation* passed twice before the dauber, casting a furtive glance at his work, admiring the intrepidity with which the worthy man overlaid with pure ultramarine the background of his landscape, to represent the sky. Beneath the sign, which was almost completed, was written in large letters, "*The Break of Day;*" a precaution as necessary to indicate the intention of the artist, as was the inscription, "*Flemish and Dutch beer for sale here,*" to reveal the occupation of the proprietor of this *chef d'œuvre.*

"Here is an honest Vandercrout," said the French artist to himself, "who understands about as much of perspective as a cart-horse, and who, I would bet, flatters himself that he has all the talent of Rubens. He daubs his board as if he were greasing a pair of boots, and he is happy."

When M. David passed the third time before the ladder, he could control himself no longer; a second layer of ultramarine had just covered the first; it was enough to make one's flesh creep. Continuing his walk, and without looking at the culprit, he muttered, "There is too much blue!"

"Ha! what is that?" cried the sign-painter. But the man who had ventured to make this criticism was already at a distance. Twice again, Girodet's friend passed and repassed before "*The Break of Day;*" and twice he could not refrain from uttering the same exclamation—"There is too much blue!" The offended artist turned and shrugged his shoulders in reply, asking himself, doubtless, what business this person had to meddle with his work? since to judge from his garb, he did not seem to be wealthy enough for a purchaser, and he was far from having the air of a skillful connoisseur. As he passed for the fourth time, the unknown lounger repeated his eternal refrain —"There is too much blue." The color mounted to the face of the Brussels Wouvermans.

"Do you not see, sir, that I am painting a sky?" he said, with that tone of apparent moderation which a man assumes who is growing angry, and still wishes to conceal his vexation. The artist had just descended from his ladder, and had posted himself on the opposite side of the street, closing his left eye, and making a shade of his palette, to assure himself of the effect of his painting. He was admiring himself in his work; he was happy, and M. David's exclamation came at a very untimely moment, to trouble his satisfaction.

"*Parbleu!* I suspected, indeed, that you were trying 'to paint a sky," replied the pitiless critic; "but I simply say, that there is too much blue."

"Have you, by chance, ever seen skies painted without blue, Sir Amateur?"

"I am no amateur. I say only in passing, and for your guidance, that there is too much blue—that is all. Do as you please, and if you think that there is not enough, put on more."

"But, blockhead that you are, have I not told you that it is a sky, a clear sky, without clouds, a sky that is to represent the break of day?"

"A reason the more, *ventrebleu!* a sky of the color of charcoal! Are you crazy, my dear fellow, to use blue? You must have lost your senses."

"By Saint Nicholas, it is too much!" cried the exasperated dauber; "you are an old fool and an ignoramus! you know nothing of painting. I should like to see you paint skies without blue."

"I do not say that I am very skillful in painting skies, but if I were to attempt it, I should not use blue."

"Indeed! it would be fine then."

"It would at least look like something."

"That is to say, that my picture looks like nothing."

"*Ma foi!* nearly so; it looks like the window-shutter of a wretched inn, like a sheet of daubed paper, like a dish of spinach —what you will."

"A dish of spinach! a window-shutter!" cried the Brabant artist, trembling with rage. "I, a pupil of Ruisdael! I, the fourth cousin of Gerard Douw! and you pretend to understand my art better than I do—an art which I have honorably practised in Anvers, Louvain, and Liege? A dish of spinach!" The rage of the insulted painter rose to such a pitch, that he grasped the critic by the arm, and shaking him violently, added:

"Do you know, old dotard, that my reputation has been made long since? that I have painted a red horse at Mechlin, a great stag at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-

la-Chapelle, before which every body stops in admiration?"

"*Massacre!* vile glue vender!" cried M. David, pushed to extremity, and tearing the palette from the dauber's hand; "give it to me; you deserve to be painted in the middle of your '*Break of Day*,' with a fool's face, and with ass's ears." And, hurried away by his indignation, he had already ascended the ladder, and was now effacing, with the palm of his hand, the entire *chef d'œuvre* of his brother artist, who stood motionless and stupefied.

"Stop! stop! old fool! old wretch!" cried the unfortunate painter, pale with terror. "A splendid sign! a picture worth thirty-five francs! I am lost! I am ruined!" And he shook the foot of the ladder, to compel the barbarous Vandal to descend. But the latter; alarmed neither by the cries of his victim, nor by the presence of several neighbors who had assembled at all this noise, continued pitilessly to efface "*The Break of Day*," mingling together the earth and the sky, the sun and the trees, the houses and the human figures, or at least what was designed to represent buildings and men; then, not less prompt in restoring than in blotting out, employing only the end of his finger or the handle of a brush, the new out-door artist sketched, in a few moments, a grayish sky, and the outlines of three boon companions, who, glass in hand, were greeting the break of day, and among whom figured a caricature of the sign-painter himself, easily to be recognized by the thick eyebrows and the truffle-shaped nose.

The spectators, at first restless and tumultuous, disposed rather to side with the dauber, their compatriot, than with the stranger, stopped short at the foot of the ladder, and were unable to repress a murmur of admiration, when the chaos of colors began to assume shape and order. The proprietor of the inn, attracted from the house by the tumult, advanced to join the group of inquisitive spectators. He was the first to cry "Bravo!" and to exclaim that the new out-door artist was at least equal to the former one. The fourth cousin of Gerard Douw suddenly felt his fury vanish and give place to admiration.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, "you are of the trade then! confess, my worthy man, that you are of the trade! Yes, yes, it is a brother artist, who has wished to play me a trick," he said, laughing, to some neighbors who stood around him. "He is some Dutch or French sign-painter: but I am frank; I confess he has talent; yes, I acknowledge him to be my master."

The painter of *The Oath of the Horatii*, his momentary excitement having passed, was about to descend the ladder, amid the plaudits of the spectators, when a new-comer appeared among them, mounted upon a handsome English horse, who recognizing, as he thought, M. David, on the singular pedestal upon which he was perched, had made his way through the crowd, at the risk of trampling some honest Fleming under his horse's feet.

"This painting is mine!" he cried, in a jargon which excited the merriment of the populace of Brussels. "I take it, I purchase it; I will give a hundred guineas for it; I will cover it with sovereigns if necessary."

"How?" said the Brabant painter.

"What say you?" asked the Flemish landlord.

"I say that I will give you any price you ask for this painting," replied the stranger, who leaped lightly from his horse, and in whom Talma's friend now recognized the young Englishman, who, on leaving the theatre on the preceding evening, had requested him to draw a line with a crayon in his portfolio.

"The picture is not for sale, young man," said the dauber, with a pride truly paternal, as if it were his own work.

"No," said the vender of beer, "for it is sold, and even partly paid for in advance. Still there is a way to arrange the matter, and if you wish to bargain for it, sir, it is with me you must deal."

"Not at all, not at all!" said the dauber, making his way through the crowd; "it belongs to me; my brother artist has been so good as to give me a slight proof of friendship; the sign is my lawful property, and I am free to sell it to any one I please."

"Robber and knave!" cried the master of the inn; "my '*Break of Day*' is fastened to my house, and I alone have the right to dispose of it as I see fit."

"I will summon you before the Burgomaster, old rogue," said the man who had not painted the picture.

"I will sue you for a breach of contract," replied the man who had half paid him in advance.

During this while the crowd had increased about the disputants, and had become so compact that the broad suburb was obstructed by it.

"*Ventrebleu! Sarpebleu!*" cried a third speaker in a thundering voice, who had not spoken until now, such was his stupefaction and vexation at the turn which matters had taken; "why, it seems to me that I have something to do in the affair; I should think that I ought to be consulted a little."

"Right, brother!" said the sign-painter. "It is ridiculous to dispute thus in the street. Let us enter master Martzen's inn, and arrange things amicably over a can of beer."

M. David allowed himself to be led into the inn, in order to escape the crowd of inquisitive spectators which was constantly increasing. When within the house, the quarrel only grew more violent, the innkeeper and the sign-painter still claiming the property in dispute, the Englishman still offering, with a profusion truly Britannic, to pay for it with its weight in gold.

"Ha, *sacrebleu!* ha, *mordieu!* and if I will not have it sold?" cried the true painter of the picture, impatiently, nay, almost angrily.

"Oh, my dear sir," said the innkeeper, "you will not deprive a poor man of this chance, a poor innkeeper who finds it truly hard to get through with the year, and make both ends meet. A little money would come very *àpropos*, and enable me to replenish my stock of beer and English ale."

"Do not believe him, brother artist!" cried the painter; "he is an old pinch-fist. He pleads poverty, but he has more crowns in his chest than you and I put together. I am the father of a family, and you owe me the preference as a fellow-artist. Besides, we will share the price of the painting; it would be but fair."

"Do not listen to him!" cried master Martzen, quickly; "he is an old thief, a spendthrift; he has not the wherewithal to marry his daughter, because he has guzzled down her dowry in beer and sausages."

"He lies in his heretical throat!" replied M. David's brother artist; "my Lubette is betrothed to a young French artisan, a cabinet-maker, an excellent workman, and he is to marry her in September, as poor as she is."

"A daughter to marry—a Frenchman—an excellent workman!" cried M. David, suddenly interrupting him. "*Sacrebleu!* that alters matters. I resign my '*Break of Day*' then; it shall be the dowry of the young bride, and I leave it to the liberality of this stranger to fix the price that he will give for the sketch."

"Excellent! illustrious master!" said the young Englishman; "this is judging righteously; the wise Solomon could not have decided better. As for me, I consent to the bargain with all my heart. I have offered a hundred guineas for the sketch, just as it is; I will give two hundred if the artist who painted it will consent to sign it, by writing at the bottom of the picture these two words merely—'*Pierre David.*'"

The baron of the Empire smiled in acquiescence; but his name had been pronounced, he was recognized.

A shout of surprise and joy followed this discovery; this revered and glorious name was repeated, enthusiastically, from mouth to mouth.

"What!" cried the dismayed dauber, "David! you are M. David, the celebrated French painter! Oh! my master! my illustrious master! pardon me for having addressed you with my hat upon my head, and for having treated you as an equal. I am nothing but a beggar, a wretch. Tell me that you pardon me!" and the poor man, with tears in his eyes, uncovered his head, and was on the point of falling upon his knees, when M. David reached him his hand with a cordiality truly republican. The inn was filled with a crowd of boon companions and inquisitive idlers; all present rose, by a spontaneous impulse, to the repeated cry of "Long live M. David!" then they thronged around him, disputing for the honor of touching their glasses to his. The worthy old man, softened by this novel and truly popular triumph, could not refuse to partake of a can of Holland beer, and the huzzas and shouts of joy were redoubled.

To complete the scene,—a scene so entirely *à la Teniers*,—the pretty Lubette, the daughter of the out-door artist, entered the inn, attracted thither by the rumor, which had by this time been noised throughout the

whole suburb, of a sign which would hasten her marriage, and give her a dowry of two hundred louis d'ors. She cast herself, without ceremony, upon the neck of her benefactor, who received her with open arms, remarking that, after what had passed, he certainly had a right to kiss the bride.

At the same moment three strangers, dressed like substantial burghers, entered, with anxious haste, the inn of the "*Break of Day.*" It was the polite M. Lesec, followed by Talma and M. Girodet. The latter, who had reached Brussels an hour before, had not found M. David at his house. The tragedian and the collector had also repaired thither, and on learning that their host had not been seen since morning, they had been alarmed at his absence; fearing that some accident might have befallen him, they had hastened forth to seek him, and guided by the general tumult, now entered the inn of the "*Break of Day.*"

"Apollo be praised!" said Talma, on perceiving the great painter, with glass in hand, in the midst of a group of beer-drinkers; "no accident has happened to him."

"God forgive me!" added the collector, "this dear baron is kissing the girls; he was not so badly inspired when he rose at daybreak this morning."

"Bravo! bravo, my old comrade!" cried Girodet, and the author of "Attila" advanced towards him with extended arms. "You also, then, are beginning to change your style and school! Bravo, master! it is not amiss to end as Rembrandt commenced; but, my faith, I did not suspect that you were employing your time in painting Flemish tavern signs."

From "Tait's Magazine."

THE MORMON PROPHET.

Founded on a recent fact.

One lovely day, at noon, in August, 1850, the inhabitants of the little village of R——, in Lincolnshire, were unusually astir. Groups of men and boys in working attire might have been seen collected here and there. Women lingered on the threshold of their dwellings, unwilling, by an attention to their domestic avocations, to lose one iota of that piquant dish, called scandal, which, "in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime," appears so well to suit the feminine palate. The appearance of two strange horsemen, approaching this out-of-the-way village, slightly diversified the attention of our rustic *dramatis personæ*, until now wholly engrossed with a more immediate object of interest. Let us follow the example of the good people of R——, and take a glance at their physiognomy and appearance. The elder of these equestrians possessed a visage at once striking and unprepossessing. Intellect marred by low cunning—fanaticism mingled with, if not overpowered by, hypocrisy—lips that vainly endeavored to curb an habitual contemptuous smile—eyes now flashing with scornful pride, now raised to heaven with an air of sanctified humility,—such were the prevailing characteristics of his countenance. His dress, without being remarkable for singularity, was arranged more for effect than in accordance with the prevailing fashion of the day. His companion formed a pleasing contrast to this repelling personage. He was young and handsome; his features more expressive of good-nature than common sense, and he evidently appertained to a class common enough in agricultural districts, wealthy gentleman-farmers.

"Dreaming still of the beautiful unbeliever!" exclaimed the elder, in a voice more powerful than melodious; "can unutterable bliss be obtained without sacrifice?"

"Sacrifice!" retorted the young man, "sacrifice! Was it nothing, think you, to leave childless an aged mother? nothing to relinquish my own true-hearted Marion? Nothing?—and for what? to—"

"Patience, my son," interrupted the first speaker, "this day—the voice of the Most High has proclaimed it to me—this day shall the truth be made manifest; powerful as the whirlwind when it rushes headlong on its course, pure as the drops that glisten in the sun, boundless as the expanse of the starry worlds, eternal as the city of the Lord. Yes, my pupil," he continued in an elevated tone, "this day shall thy future destiny be decided—this day shall prove me a prophet or a deceiver."

As he concluded these words, they entered the one long solitary street of R——.

"Hollo!" he cried, as he reined in his horse at the Rose and Crown, which from time immemorial had enjoyed a state of single blessedness as the sole inn of the village.

"What! all the world turned holiday-seekers? Alas! poor misguided mortals groping in darkness—"

His pathetic exordium was here unfortunately curtailed by the shrill voice of an old woman in a flaming red cloak, who, in that musical (?) patois, impossible to be conveyed upon paper, peculiar to the rustic denizens of fenny Lincolnshire, exclaimed,

"Thee maunna gang there, mon; yow'll be clean left to shift for yoursen."

"And why, my good woman?"

"Good woman, forsooth! none o' your gammins here. Take my word and ride off from that ere badluckit 'ouse;" and the "good woman," having delivered this mysterious injunction, drew her scarlet robe more closely around her, to screen her person, we presume, from the scorching rays of the sun, and slowly hobbled away.

"What's all this about?" cried our pious friend, waxing more wrathful than became his saintly character; "call the master; our horses are tired out. What's the matter with the house?"

"Why, sir," answered a boy in a smock who stood at the horse's head; "why, sir, there be a dead mon in th 'ouse, and," he added in a whisper, "our Mag says as how there was summut wrong."

"Fools!" said the traveller, turning to his young companion, whom we will call Philip Rivers; "let us alight, and solve the mystery for ourselves;" and suiting the action to the word, he sprang from his saddle, and quietly led his horse beneath the old-fashioned portal of the inn. Philip followed. Boniface soon appeared, but with none of that smiling visage or honeyed speech which usually distinguishes mine host. No bills of fare were in his hand, no praise of forthcoming dainties on his lips; all he brought into the presence of our travellers was a countenance as woe-begone as generally greets a hand-cuff or a sheriff's officer.

"How now, my friend," said the senior equestrian, "does death so rarely visit your fellow-villagers that his sudden appearance causes such great sensation?"

"'Tis an awful business, sir," said the publican, who seemed superior to his station; "but walk in, gentlemen, walk in, and if you would hear the history and give a word of advice, why there's none would be so grateful as Sam Winter—that is myself."

"Let us accept his proffered confidence," whispered the Mormon priest; "inscrutable are the ways of God; who can say—but let us enter."

For the benefit of our readers we will condense the loquacious Sam Winter's narrative into a few words. A stranger had arrived there yesterday evening, had retired to rest, and that morning been found lifeless in his bed.

"It wasn't only his dying," continued the disconsolate innkeeper, "though that was bad enough, for never a body would sleep in the room again if they heerd on't; but I have inimies in the place, and Bessie Walters and Bill Jowler," (and a host of other rusticated cognomens,) "had spread it about there must be something wrong in so sudden a death. What can I do?"

"Is there no clergyman," inquired Philip, "that could have advised you in the matter?"

"Clergyman!" echoed Sam Winter, "sorrow a bit of a parson do we see here, 'cept on the Sunday; he lives at t'other village."

"Are there no medical men within reach?" pursued Philip.

"Lor bless your honor!" cried Sam, "and who'd pay for a dead man's doctor's stuff? and I've been so flurried like, and my missus" (*anglicè*, wife,) "is away, but I'll send Joe at once that I will," and he hastened to the door.

"Stay!" exclaimed the Mormon, "stay, and witness the power of the prophet of the Lord, the dead restored to life. But first I would see the corpse—lead on."

His voice was commanding, his manner impressive; in a few moments he was ushered into the chamber of the dead. The body of the unfortunate man was stretched upon the couch; a few straggling beams that forced a way through the closed shutters fell upon his countenance, from which all color had fled; the lips and face were fearful from the very intensity of their pallor, the eyelids were firmly closed, and the night-dress in which the body was still arrayed, seemed like the shroud ready to inclose those rigid and lifeless limbs.

"Nothing is impossible to a priest of Jerusalem," said the *soi-disant* prophet; to *his* prayer every thing is conceded; heaven and earth before it bend. Go, assemble your friends, your neighbors; let all behold the miracle, let all rejoice and believe."

It took some time before Sam Winter could fully comprehend what was required of him, but the gapers outside were speedy in obeying the summons "to come and see the strange gintleman bring the dead man to life." The apartment, which was tolerably large, was soon crowded with spectators. We will spare you, gentle readers, the prophet's oration; it was, like his ordinary conversation, more replete with fine-sounding verbiage than common sense, but it told upon his simple and illiterate hearers, as was soon manifest by the awe-stricken countenances of all his auditors. All, did we say? No! there was one sturdy-looking fellow, Jim the butcher, a perfect personification of John Bull, who, with arms akimbo, stood eyeing the preacher with a look of irreverent unfriendliness.

"Now," said he, when our friend the prophet had concluded, "I be no scholard; I be a plain-spoken mon, but I'd loike to ask you a question or so. You say as how you can make that ere dead body alive agin?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Mormon, resuming his oratorial voice and gestures; "yes! at my command those eyes shall open to the light, those pallid lips shall smile and speak, the blood shall once more warmly flow through those motionless limbs, the spirit of life again shall animate the clay."

"Well," continued the imperturbable butcher; "but if I was to chop off an arm of his'n, would he come to life wi'out his arm?"

"Assuredly," answered the prophet.

"And if I choppit off his leg, would he come to life then?"

"Assuredly," was again the laconic reply; "but we waste time—let us pray."

"Stop a wee bit," pursued the butcher; "if I choppit off his heede, would he come to life then, eh?"

"Certainly, my friend; all is possible to the prophet of Jerusalem."

"Then I'll do it," cried Jim, in a thundering voice, pushing his way to the head of the couch, and raising his cleaver in the air; "here goes."

"Hollo! hollo!" shrieked the dead man, jumping up; "I'd rather not have my head chopped off this bout, any how."

The spectators, men, women, and children, screamed wildly, and threw one another down in their haste to depart. In an incredibly short time, mine host, the butcher, and Philip Rivers were alone left with the ex-corpse. Jim, laughing heartily, approached the resuscitated man, and seizing him, exclaimed,—

"Now, measter, we'll put a bit polish on yer face," and lo! a few energetic rubs transferred the chalk from that worthy's face to Jim's blue apron. But where is the prophet? Has *he* not remained to witness this wonderful resurrection? No; the sagacious Mormon, finding that instead of a bevy of dupes he had caught a Tartar, hastily decamped in the general confusion, and his confederate, thus left in the lurch, confessed the whole conspiracy. It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this occurrence no Mormon ever again ventured even the shadow of his nose in R——, and Philip Rivers, for whose edification this little episode had principally been concocted, returned to his home a wiser and a happier man. The last we heard of him was his marriage with his fair Marion, and doubtless he finds matrimonial bliss the best safeguard against the seducements of religious fanatics, and we would counsel all whose heads are a little inclined to be led by the last new-fangled doctrine, to follow his example.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

THE SPADE IN IRELAND.

In the "famine year," of 1846, an application was made to the benevolent public for food and seed by the Irish Presbyterian Home Mission, on behalf of the peasantry of the West of Ireland, and particularly of those in a remote district in the county of Mayo. The usual practical shrewdness of Scotchmen suggested to some gentlemen of Edinburgh the uselessness of aggravating the future destitution of the Irish people, by merely squandering money in doling out rations; which, when exhausted, would leave the recipients more destitute, and with weaker habits of self-reliance than before the period of relief. They had learnt from history the success with which Cromwell had planted Ulster, by the introduction of Saxons and Saxon habits among the population. They were struck with the wisdom and practical views which Sir Robert Peel had developed in his proposals for a renewal and extension of the experiment. Surprised

that it received no countenance from Parliament and no encouragement from the authority of other statesmen, they resolved to try, on a small scale, the experiment which might worthily have been expanded in imperial dimensions. An experienced agriculturist from the South of Scotland was dispatched to the proposed scene of operations. From his representation it appeared that the people inhabiting this district, being found to be of a peaceable and industrious character, and little acquainted with the common practice of systematic husbandry, it was afterwards thought, that in place of continuing the temporary assistance which was still required, the money to be so expended might be thrown into a channel of a more permanent character, by renting a few hundred acres, for the double purpose of introducing an improved system of cultivation, and of affording profitable employment to the destitute. Taking a more enlarged view of the matter, it was considered not unreasonable to expect that if the example were set, and followed out with success, private individuals from England and Scotland, looking out for farms, might be induced to follow such example, and enter upon the cultivation of the thousands of acres which are lying untenanted on all sides.

A lease of Castle and Parkmore farms and the Townland of Ballinglew for twenty-one years, and three lives, has been taken. The land is two miles from the sea-coast, nine from the sea-port of Killala, and sixteen from the market-town of Ballina. It has good roads, abundance of lime and freestone, peat for fuel, and sea-weed for manure. It is three hundred and seventy-four statute acres in extent, the rent is only sixty-four pounds, and that rent (only three shillings and sixpence per acre) is higher than that of the surrounding holdings. Although the tenants were greatly in arrear, the lessees wisely procured a remission of the landlord's claims, and paid the holders a handsome premium in consideration for the tenant right, to maintain the policy of conciliating, and giving confidence to the "natives." Useless fences and roads were removed, unnecessary hedges and ditches rooted out and filled up, fields put into convenient shape and dimensions, an immense quantity of surface stones removed from the soil, buildings repaired, proper housings and cattle sheds erected, and a thrashing mill, to be driven by water power, is constructed. At the end of the first complete year (1849) sixty-five acres of oats, potatoes, barley, vetches, carrots, parsnips, and turnips, of considerable yield and excellent quality, were gathered, and employment afforded for forty men at sixpence per day, and as many women and children at from three pence to fourpence; thereby securing subsistence to upwards of two hundred individuals.

Scotchmen can do nothing without schools, and the first building which the subscribers erected was a school-house. They had great difficulty in procuring a teacher, being generally told by those to whom they applied, that they declined being shot by wild Irishmen. They, at last, secured the services of an able and enthusiastic Scotch schoolmaster, who understands and can direct all country work, and who finds not only his pupils apt and docile, but his full-grown neighbors peaceable and friendly.

The chief burden of the success of the experiment has devolved upon a hard-headed Caledonian farm overseer, one James Carlaw, who has not only the faculty of farming skilfully, and making every one about him work efficiently, but whose natural tact and knowledge of human nature have made him universally acceptable to his laborers, and placed him on the highest terms with his Catholic neighbors, *including the priest.* Nor has this been effected by any compromise of his stiff Presbyterian prejudices. He was "awfully scandalized" by the "heathen disregard of the Sabbath-day;" and remonstrated with all and sundry on the subject. With the caution of his race, he left his family behind him, until by personal residence among the "wild Irish," he had assured himself that they were not so wild as they were called. After due probation, he imported his wife and five children to Ballinglew, the whole hands on the farms having travelled to their sea-port of debarkation to receive them, as a mark of respect; and now Mrs. Carlaw manages the dairy, and her children attend the school with the infantry of the district.

"I conversed," says a policeman in his report to the head officer in Dublin, "with all the people on the farm, with Mr. Brannigan, the overseer, with laborers, apart, and then with people wholly unconnected with

the farm. The former think the concern will pay a large amount of interest, while the latter class say it will take five years before it can pay the sum already expended. They speak approvingly of the farm, its manager, and management. On the whole, decided advantages have arisen to the neighborhood from the settlement of these people in it. Work has been given, instruction in agriculture to the laborers has been imparted, children have been taught in the school, meat and money in a time of need have been distributed."

The report of the clever Irish P. C., further states, that "the people are perfectly satisfied," and "like the farm work; that Mr. Carlaw gives satisfaction, decidedly. Many of the country people, of a different religious persuasion, speak well of him. He minds his own business—the farm—and nothing else." A glowing description is given of the "old castle, beautifully situated at the bottom of the valley;" of "a lovely cottage, flanked and backed by trees;" and of the "little river, which winds its way through this charming valley." The oats "are the best I have ever seen"—"barley and potatoes excellent; far more than an average crop. The country is perfectly peaceable, and safe for strangers to live in." The whole country turned out to see the wonders of Scotch broad-cast sowing; grass seed rolling in; turnip drilling; boys and girls became expert at the hoe, "and this implement was utterly unknown here before." At school "the average daily attendance was from eighty to one hundred."

Such is the deserved interest which this experiment has excited, that ladies of rank and quality, not contented with subscribing to it, have travelled alone and in mid-winter to the spot, to verify, with their own eyes, the reports of the overseer. Model farm account-books are kept by sturdy James Carlaw, and the sheet of the week's entries regularly transmitted to the Treasurer, at Edinburgh, for examination by the Committee.

The entire Townland of Ballinglew, on which the farm is situated, is to be exposed for sale under that invaluable measure the Encumbered Estates Act. The rental, at present, is three hundred and ten pounds; it consists of nearly one thousand five hundred acres; it is tithe and land-tax free; and it is expected that the whole will go for three thousand five hundred, or four thousand pounds! In England the rental would warrant a price of ten thousand pounds, and the acreage eighteen thousand pounds. Amid the cry of Protection and Agricultural Distress, here is an ample field for the enterprise of English and Scotch farmers. No agriculturists in Europe have the advantages of such cheap land and labor as are offered to our bucolic Britons in Ireland. Able-bodied laborers at sixpence; and useful weeders and hoers at threepence per day; with land, bearing fine crops of oats, barley, turnips, and potatoes, at four shillings and eightpence per acre; and to be had, prospectively, at less than three shillings, with a profit to the landlord of five per cent. on a price of four thousand pounds.

We feel convinced that an interview with James Carlaw would soon reassure an English farmer that he may devote his energies to the cultivation of Ireland without any fear of being "shot from behind a hedge." The vast tide of emigration which is flowing from that country to this island, of the laboring poor—and to the Colonies and United States, of the small farmers—indicates a voluntary relinquishment of the soil by the native occupiers, which may satisfy the reflective that a clear stage is left in the Sister Kingdom for British agricultural enterprise, which could not fail to be crowned with success. Sir Robert Peel suggested the plantation of Ireland, which means its settlement, not by isolated emigrants, but in such numbers as to constitute a neighborhood; an aggregation of English and Scotch in a district, such as would keep each other in countenance, and cheer their hearts by co-operation. Ireland is yet destined to be our right arm, in place of being our wooden leg; she may be regenerated by green hearts and cheerful hopes, throwing off her leprosy, and recovering her elasticity, "so that her flesh shall become as the flesh of a little child." She has been bled and blistered, sweated and drugged, to no effect, but to reduce her strength, and aggravate her symptoms. It is time rulers should be asked—as the proprietor of the sorry nag was, under similar circumstances—"Have you ever tried him with oats?" The first trial of the experiment has succeeded at Ballinglew. We hope it will not be the last.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

LONDON POLICE.

Nervous old ladies, dyspeptic half-pay officers, suspicious quidnuncs, plot-dreading diplomatists, and grudging rate-payers, all having the fear of the forthcoming Industrial Invasion before their eyes, are becoming very anxious respecting the adequate efficiency of the London Police. Horrible rumors are finding their way into most of the clubs: reports are permeating into the tea-parties of suburban dowagers which darkly shadow forth dire mischief and confusion, the most insignificant result whereof is to be (of course) the overthrow of the British Constitution. Conspiracies of a comprehensive character are being hatched in certain back parlors, in certain back streets behind Mr. Cantelo's Chicken Establishment in Leicester Square. A complicated web of machination is being spun—we have it on the authority of a noble peer—against the integrity of the Austrian Empire, at a small coffee-shop in Soho! Prussia is being menaced by twenty-four determined Poles and Honveds in the attics of a cheap *restaurateur* in the Haymarket. Lots are being cast for the assassination of Louis Napoleon, in the inner parlors of various cigar shops. America, as we learn from that mighty lever of the civilized world, the "New York Weekly Herald"—at whose nod, it is well known, kings tremble on their thrones, and the earth shakes!—is of opinion that the time bids fair for a descent of Red-Republicans on Manchester. The English policemen have been tampered with, and are suborned. The great Mr. Justice Maule can't find one anywhere. In short, the peace of the entire continent of Europe may be considered as already gone. When the various conspiracies now on foot are ripe, the armies of the disaffected of all nations which are to land at the various British ports under pretence of "assisting" at the Great Glass show, are to be privately and confidentially drilled in secret *Champs de Mars*, and armed with weapons, stealthily abstracted from the Tower of London; while the Metropolitan Police and the Guards, both horse and foot, will fraternize, and (to a man) pretend to be fast asleep.

Neither have our prudent prophets omitted to foretell minor disasters. Gangs of burglars from the counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Lancashire, are also to fraternize in London, and to "rifle, rob, and plunder," as uninterruptedly as if every man's house were a mere Castle of Andalusia. Pick-pockets—not in single spies but in whole battalions—are to arrive from Paris and Vienna, and are to fall into compact organization (through the medium of interpreters) with the united swell-mobs of London, Liverpool, and Manchester!

In short, it would appear that no words can express our fearful condition so well, as Mr. Croaker's in "The Good-Natured Man." "I am so frightened," says he, "that I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps at this moment I am treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds!"

Now, to the end that the prophets and their disciples may rest quietly in *their* beds, we have benevolently abandoned our own bed for some three nights or so, in order to report the results of personal inquiry into the condition and system of the Protective Police of the Metropolis:—the Detective Police has been already described in the first volume of "Household Words." If, after our details of the patience, promptitude, order, vigilance, zeal, and judgment, which watch over the peace of the huge Babylon when she sleeps, the fears of the most apprehensive be not dispelled, we shall have quitted our pillow, and plied our pen in vain! But we have no such distrust.

Although the Metropolitan Police Force consists of nineteen superintendents, one hundred and twenty-four inspectors, five hundred and eighty-five sergeants, and four thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven constables, doing duty at twenty-five stations; yet, so uniform is the order of proceeding in all, and so fairly can the description of what is done at one station be taken as a specimen of what is done at the others, that, without further preface, we shall take the reader into custody, and convey him at once to the Police Station, in Bow Street, Covent Garden.

A policeman keeping watch and ward at the wicket gives us admission, and we proceed down a long passage into an outer room, where there is a barrack bedstead, on which

we observe Police-constable Clarke, newly relieved, asleep, and snoring most portentously—a little exhausted, perhaps, by nine hours' constant walking on his beat. In the right-hand corner of this room—which is a bare room like a guard-house without the drums and muskets—is a dock, or space railed off for prisoners: opposite, a window breast-high at which an Inspector always presides day and night to hear charges. Passing by a corner-door into his office on the other side of this window, we find it much like any other office—inky, dull, and quiet—papers stuck against the walls—perfect library of old charges on shelves overhead—stools and desks—a hall-porter's chair, little used—gas-lights—fire—sober clock. At one desk stands a policeman, duly coated and caped, looking stiffly over his glazed stock at a handbill he is copying. Two Inspectors sit near, working away at a great rate with noisy pens that sound like little rattles.

The clock points a quarter before nine. One of the Inspectors takes under his arm a slate, the night's muster roll, and an orderly book. He proceeds to the Yard. The gas jet, shining from the office through its window, and a couple of street lamps indistinctly light the place.

On the appearance of the inspecting officer in the yard, and at the sound of the word "Attention!" about seventy white faces, peering out above half-a-dozen parallel lines of dark figures, fall into military ranks in "open order." A man from each section —a Sergeant—comes forward to form the staff of the commanding officer. The roll is called over, and certain men are told off as a Reserve, to remain at the station for any exigencies that may arise. The book is then opened, and the Inspector reads aloud a series of warnings. P. C. John Jones, J, No. 202, was discovered drunk on duty on such a day, and dismissed the force. Sergeant Jenkins did not report that a robbery had been complained of in such a street, and is suspended for a month. The whole division are then enlightened as to the names, addresses, ages, and heights, of all persons who have been "missing" from a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross (the police definition of the Metropolis) since the previous night; as to the colors of their hair, eyes, and clothes; as to the cut of their coats, the fashion and material of their gowns, the shape of their hats or bonnets, the make of their boots. So minute and definite are all these personal descriptions, that a P. C. (the official ellipsis for Police Constable) must be very sleepy, or unusually dull of observation, if, in the event of his meeting with any of these missing individuals, he does not put them in train of restoration to their anxious friends. Lost articles of property are then enumerated and described with equal exactness. When we reflect that the same routine is being performed at the same moment at the head of every police regiment or division in the Metropolis, it seems extraordinary how any thing or person *can* be lost in London. Among the trifles enumerated as "found," are a horse and cart, a small dog, a brooch, a baby, and a firkin of butter.

Emotion is no part of a policeman's duty. If felt, it must be suppressed: he listens as stolidly to the following account of the baby, as to the history of the horse and cart, the little dog, the brooch, and the butter.

S. DIVISION. Found, at Eight and a quarter P. M., on the 2d instant, by [a gentleman named], of Bayham Street, Camden Town, on the step of his door, the body of a new-born Infant, tied up in a Holland Bag. Had on a Calico Bed-gown and Muslin Cap, trimmed with Satin Ribbon. Also a Note, stating, "Any one who finds this precious burden, pay him the last duties which a Mother—much in distress and trouble of mind—is unable to do. May the blessing of God be on you!"

The book is closed. The mother "much in distress and trouble of mind," is shut up with it; and the Inspector proceeds to make his inspection. He marches past each rank. The men, one by one, produce their kit, consisting of lantern, rattle, and staff. He sees that each man is clean and properly provided for the duties of the night. Returning to his former station amidst the sergeants, he gives the word "Close up!"

The men now form a compact body, and the sergeants take their stand at the head of their respective ranks. But, before this efficient body of troops deploy to their various beats, they are addressed by the superior officer much as a colonel harangues his regiment before going into action. The Inspector's speech—sharp and pithily delivered—is something to this effect:

"Now, men, I must again beg of you to be very careful in your examination of empty houses. See that the doors are fast; and, if not, search for any persons unlawfully concealed therein. Number nineteen section will allow no destitute parties to herd together under the Adelphi arches. Section Number twenty-four will be very particular in insisting on all gentlemen's carriages [it is an opera night] keeping the rank, close to the curb-stone, and in cautioning the coachmen not to leave their horses. Be sure and look sharp after flower-girls. Offering flowers for sale is a pretence. The girls are either beggars or thieves; but you must exercise great caution. You must not interfere with them unless you actually hear them asking charity, or see them trying pockets, or engaged in actual theft. The chief thing, however, is the empty houses; thieves get from them into the adjoining premises, and then there's a burglary.—'Tention, to the left face, march!"

The sections march off in Indian file, and the Inspector returns to his office by one door, while the half-dozen "Reserves" go into the outer-room by another. The former now buttons on his great-coat, and, after supper, will visit every beat in the division, to see that the men are at their duties. The other Inspector remains, to take the charges.

A small man, who gives his name, Mr. Spills, (or for whom that name will do in this place as well as another,) presents himself at the half-open window to complain of a gentleman now present, who is stricken in years, bald, well-dressed, staid in countenance, respectable in appearance, and exceedingly drunk. He gazes at his accuser from behind the dock, with lack-lustre penitence, as that gentleman elaborates his grievance to the patient Inspector; who, out of a tangle of digressions and inuendoes dashed with sparkling scraps of club-room oratory, extracts—not without difficulty—the substance of the complaint, and reduces it to a charge of "drunk and disorderly." The culprit, it seems, not half an hour ago—purely by accident—found his way into Craven-street, Strand. Though there are upwards of forty doors in Craven-st., he *would* kick, and thump, and batter the complainant's door. No other door would do. The complainant don't know why; the delinquent don't know why; nobody knows why. No entreaty, no expostulation, no threat, could induce him to transfer his favors to any other door in the neighborhood. He was a perfect stranger to Mr. Spills; yet when Mr. Spills presented himself at the gate of his castle in answer to the thundering summons, the prisoner insisted on finishing the evening at the domestic supper-table of the Spills family. Finally, the prisoner emphasized his claim on Mr. Spills's hospitality by striking Mr. Spills on the mouth. This led to his being immediately handed over to the custody of a P. C.

The defendant answers the usual questions as to name and condition, with a drowsy indifference peculiar to the muddled. But, when the Inspector asks his age, a faint ray of his spirit shines through him. What is that to the police? Have they any thing to do with the census? They may lock him up, fine him, put him in jail, work him on the tread-mill, if they like. All this is in their power; he knows the law well enough, sir; but they can't make him tell his age—and he won't—won't do it, sir! At length, after having been mildly pressed, and cross-examined, and coaxed, he passes his fingers through the few gray hairs that fringe his bald head, and suddenly roars:

"Well then;—Five-and-twenty!"

All the policemen laugh. The prisoner—but now triumphant in his retort—checks himself, endeavors to stand erect, and surveys them with defiance.

"Have you any thing about you, you would like us to take care of?" This is the usual apology for searching a drunken prisoner; searches cannot be enforced except in cases of felony.

Before the prisoner can answer, one of the Reserves eases him of his property Had his adventures been produced in print, they could scarcely have been better described than by the following articles:—a penknife, an empty sandwich-box, a bunch of keys, a bird's-eye handkerchief, a sovereign, fivepence in halfpence, a toothpick, and a pocket-book. From his neck is drawn a watch-guard, cut through,—*no* watch.

When he is sober, he will be questioned as to his loss; a description of the watch, with its maker's name and number will be extracted from him; it will be sent round to every station; and, by this time to-mor-

row night, every pawnbroker in the Metropolis will be asked whether such a watch has been offered as a pledge? Most probably it will be recovered and restored before he has time to get tipsy again—and when he has, he will probably lose it again.

"When shall I have to appear before the magistrate?" asks the prosecutor.

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning,"—and so ends that case.

There is no peace for the Inspector. During the twenty-four hours he is on duty, his window is constantly framing some new picture. For some minutes, a brown face with bright black eyes has been peering impatiently from under a quantity of tangled black hair and a straw hat behind Mr. Spills. It now advances to the window.

"Have you got e'er a gipsy woman here, sir?"

"No gipsy woman to-night."

"Thank'ee, sir; and the querist retires to repeat this new reading of "Shepherds, I have lost my love," at every other station-house, till he finds her—and hails her.

Most of the constables who have been relieved from duty by the nine o'clock men have now dropped in, and are detailing anything worthy of a report to their respective sergeants. The sergeants enter these occurrences on a printed form. Only one is presented now:—

"P. C. 67 reports that, at 5½ P. M, a boy, named Philip Isaac was knocked down, in Bow-street, by a horse belonging to Mr. Parks, a newsvender. He was taken to Charing X Hospital, and sent home, slightly bruised."

The Inspector has not time to file this document before an earnest-looking man comes to the window. Something has happened which evidently causes him more pain than resentment.

"I am afraid we have been robbed. My name is Parker, of the firm of Parker and Tide, upholsterers. This afternoon, at three o'clock, our clerk handed to a young man who is our collector, (he is only nineteen,) about ninety-six pounds, to take to the bank. He ought to have been back in about fifteen minutes; but he had'nt come back at six o'clock. I went to the bank to see if the cash had been paid in, and it had *not*."

"Be good enough to describe his person and dress, sir," says the Inspector, taking out a printed form called "a Route."

These are minutely detailed, and recorded. "Has he any friends or relatives in London?"

The applicant replies by describing the residence and condition of the youth's father and uncle. The Inspector orders "Ninety-two" (one of the Reserves) to go with the gentleman, "and see what he can make of it." The misguided delinquent's chance of escape will be lessened every minute. Not only will his usual haunts be visited in the course of the night by Ninety-two; but his description will be known, before morning, by *every* police officer on duty. This Route—which is now being copied by a Reserve into a book—will be passed on, presently, to the next station. There, it will again be copied; passed on to the next; copied; forwarded—and so on until it shall have made the circuit of all the Metropolitan stations. In the morning, that description will be read to the men going on duty. "Long neck, light hair, brown clothes, low-crowned hat," and so on.

A member of the E division throws a paper on the window-sill, touches his hat, exclaims, "Route, sir!" and departs.

The Routes are coming in all night long. A lady has lost her purse in an omnibus. Here is a description of the supposed thief—a woman who sat next to the lady—and here are the dates and numbers of the bank notes, inscribed on the paper with exactness. On the back, is an entry of the hour at which the paper was received at, and sent away from, every station to which it has yet been. A Reserve is called in to book the memorandum; and in a quarter of an hour he is off with it to the station next on the Route. Not only are these notices read to the men at each relief, but the most important of them are inserted in the *Police Gazette*, the especial literary organ of the Force, which is edited by one of its members.

A well-dressed youth about eighteen years of age, now leans over the window to bring himself as near to the Inspector as possible. He whispers in a broad Scotch accent:

"I am destitute. I came up from Scotland to find one Saunders M'Alpine, and I *can't* find him, and I have spent all my money. I have not a farthing left. I want a night's lodging."

"Reserve!" The Inspector wastes no words in a case like this."

"Sir."

"Go over to the relieving officer and ask him to give this young man a night in the casual ward."

The policeman and the half-shamed suppliant go out together.

"That is a genuine tale," remarks the Inspector.

"Evidently a fortune-seeking young Scotchman," we venture to conjecture, "who has come to London upon too slight an invitation, and too slender a purse. He has an honest face, and won't know want long. He may die Lord Mayor."

The Inspector is not sanguine in such cases. "He *may*," he says.

There is a great commotion in the outer office. Looking through the window, we see a stout bustling woman who announces herself as a complainant, three female witnesses, and two policemen. This solemn procession moves towards the window; yet we look in vain for a prisoner. The prisoner is in truth invisible on the floor of the dock, so one of his guards is ordered to mount him on a bench. He is a handsome, dirty, curly-headed boy about the age of seven, though he says he is nine. The prosecutrix makes her charge.

"Last Sunday, sir, (if you please, sir, I keep a cigar and stationer's shop,) this here little creetur breaks one of my windows, and the moment after, I loses a box of paints—"

"Value?" asks the Inspector, already entering the charge, after one sharp look at the child.

"Value, sir? Well, I'll say eight-pence. Well, sir, to night again, just before shutting up, I hears another pane go smash. I looks out, and I sees this same little creetur a running aways. I runs after him, and hands him over to the police."

The child does not exhibit the smallest sign of fear or sorrow. He does not even whimper. He tells his name and address, when asked them, in a straight-forward business-like manner, as if he were quite used to the whole proceeding. He is locked up; and the prosecutrix is desired to appear before the Magistrate in the morning to substantiate her charge.

"A child so young, a professional thief!"

"Ah! These are the most distressing cases we have to deal with. The number of children brought here, either as prisoners, or as having been lost, is from five to six thousand per annum. Juvenile crime and its forerunner—the neglect of children by their parents—is still on the increase. That's the experience of the whole Force."

"If some place were provided at which neglected children could be made to pass their time, instead of in the market and streets—say in industrial schools provided by the nation—juvenile delinquency would very much decrease?—"

"I believe, sir, (and I speak the sentiments of many experienced officers in the Force,) that it would be much lessened, and that the expense of such establishments would be saved in a very short time out of the police and county rates. Let alone morality altogether."

And the Inspector resumes his writing. For a little while we are left to think, to the ticking of the clock.

There are six hundred and fifty-six gentlemen in the English House of Commons assembling in London. There is not one of those gentlemen who may not in one week, if he choose, acquire as dismal a knowledge of the Hell upon earth in which he lives, in regard of these children, as this Inspector has—as we have—as no man can by possibility shut out, who will walk this town with open eyes observant of what is crying to God in the streets. If we were one of those six hundred and fifty-six, and had the courage to declare that we know the day *must come* when these children must be taken, by the strong hand, out of our shameful public ways, and must be rescued—when the State must (no will, or will not, in the case, but must) take up neglected and ignorant children wheresoever they are found, severely punishing the parents when they can be found, too, and forcing them, if they have any means of existence, to contribute something towards the reclamation of their offspring, but never again intrusting them with the duties they have abandoned;—if we were to say this, and were to add that as the day must come, it cannot come too soon, and had best come now—Red Tape would arise against us in ten thousand shapes of virtuous opposition, and cocks would crow, and donkeys would bray, and

owls would hoot, and strangers would be espied, and houses would be counted out, and we should be satisfactorily put down. Meanwhile, in Aberdeen, the horror has risen to that height, that against the law, the authorities have by force swept their streets clear of these unchristian objects, and have, to the utmost extent of their illegal power, successfully done this very thing. Do none of the six hundred and fifty-six know of it—do none of them look into it—do none of them lay down their newspapers when they read of a baby sentenced for the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh time to imprisonment and whipping, and ask themselves the question, "Is there any earthly thing this child can do when this new sentence is fulfilled, but steal again, and be again imprisoned and again flogged, until, a precocious human devil, it is shipped away to corrupt a new world?" Do none of the six hundred and fifty-six care to walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel—to look into Wentworth-street—to stray into the lanes of Westminster—to go into a prison almost within the shadow of their own Victoria Tower—to see with their eyes and hear with their ears, what such childhood is, and what escape it has from being what it is? Well! Red Tape is easier, and tells for more in blue books, and will give you a committee five years long if you like, to inquire whether the wind ever blows, or the rain ever falls—and then you can talk about it, and do nothing.

Our meditations are suddenly interrupted.

"Here's a pretty business!" cries a pale man in a breathless hurry, at the window. "Somebody has been tampering with my door-lock!"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I live round the corner, and I had been to the Play, and I left my door on the lock (it's a Chubb!) and I come back, and it won't act. It has been tampered with. There either are, or have been, thieves in the place!"

"Reserve!"

"Sir!"

"Take another man with you, and a couple of ladders, and see to this gentleman's house."

A sallow anxious little man rushes in.

"O! you haven't seen any thing of such a thing as a black and tan spaniel, have you?"

"Is it a spaniel dog we have got in the yard?" the Inspector inquires of the jailer.

"No, sir, it's a brown tarrier?"

"O! It can't be my dog then. A brown tarrier? O! adieu, gentlemen! Thank you."

"Good night, sir."

The Reserve just now dispatched with the other man and the two ladders, returns, gruff-voiced and a little disgusted.

"Well? what's up around the corner?"

"Nothing the matter with the lock, sir. I opened it with the key directly."

We fall into a doze before the fire. Only one little rattle of a pen is springing now, for the other Inspector has put on his great-coat and gone out, to make the round of his beat and look after his men. We become aware in our sleep of a scuffling on the pavement outside. It approaches and becomes noisy and hollow on the boarded floor within. We again repair to the window. A very ill-looking woman in the dock. A very stupid little gentleman, very much overcome with liquor, and with his head extremely towzled, endeavoring to make out the meaning of two immovable policemen, and indistinctly muttering a desire to know "war it's awr abow."

"Well?" says the Inspector, possessed of the case in a look.

"I was on duty, sir, in Lincoln's Inn Fields just now," says one of the policeman, when I see this gent—"

Here, "this gent," with an air of great dignity, again observes, "Mirrer Insperrer, I requesher know war it's awr ABOW."

"We'll hear you presently, sir. Go on!"

—"when I see this gent in conversation again the railings with this woman. I requested of him to move on, and observed his watch-guard hanging loose out of his pocket. 'You've lost your watch,' I said. Then I turned to her. 'And you've got it,' I said. 'I ain't,' she said. Then she said, turning to him, 'You know you've been in company with many others to-night, flower-girls, and a lot more.' 'I shall take *you*, I said anyhow. Then I turned my lantern on her, and saw the silver watch, with the glass broke, lying behind her on the stones. Then I took her into custody, and the other constable brought the gent along."

"Jailer!" says the Inspector.

"Sir!"

"Keep your eye on her. Take care she

don't make away with any thing—and send for Mrs. Green."

The accused sits in a corner of the dock, quite composed, with her arms under her dirty shawl, and says nothing. The Inspector folds a charge-sheet, and dips his pen in the ink.

"Now, sir, your name, if you please?"

"Ba—a."

"*That* can't be your name, sir. What name does he say, Constable?"

The second Constable "seriously inclines his ear;" the gent being a short man, and the second constable a tall one. "He says his name's Bat, sir." (Getting at it after a good deal of trouble.)

"Where do you live, Mr. Bat?"

"Lamber."

"And what are you?—what business are you, Mr. Bat?"

"Fesher," says Mr. Bat, again collecting dignity.

"Profession, is it? Very good, sir. What's your profession?"

"Solirerer," returns Mr. Bat.

"Solicitor of Lambeth. Have you lost any thing besides your watch, sir?"

"I am nor aware—lost—any—arrickle—prorrery," says Mr. Bat.

The Inspector has been looking at the watch.

"What do you value this watch at, sir?"

"Ten pound," says Mr. Bat, with unexpected promptitude.

"Hardly worth so much as that, I should think?"

"Five pound five," says Mr. Bat. I doro how much. I'm not par-TICK-ler," this word costs Mr. Bat a tremendous effort, "abow the war. It's not my war. It's a frez of my."

"If it belongs to a friend of yours, you wouldn't like to lose it, I suppose?"

"I doro," says Mr. Bat. "I'm nor any ways par-TICK-ler abow the war. It's a frez of my;" which he afterwards repeats at intervals, scores of times. Always as an entirely novel idea.

Inspector writes. Brings charge-sheet to window. Reads same to Mr. Bat.

"You charge this woman, sir,"—her name, age, and address have been previously taken—"with robbing you of your watch. I won't trouble you to sign the sheet, as you are not in good writing order. You'll have to be here this morning—it's now two—at a quarter before ten."

"Never get up till har par," says Mr. Bat, with decision.

"You'll have to be here this morning," repeats the Inspector placidly, "at a quarter before ten. If you don't come, we shall have to send for you, and that might be unpleasant. Stay a bit. Now, look here. I have written it down. 'Mr. Bat to be in Bow-street, quarter before ten.' Or I'll even say, to make it easier to you, a quarter past. There! 'Quarter past ten.' Now, let me fold this up and put it in your pocket; and when your landlady, or whoever it is at home, finds it there, she'll take care to call you."

All of which is elaborately done by Mr. Bat. A constable who has skillfully taken a writ out of the unconscious Mr. Bat's pocket in the mean time, and has discovered from the endorsement that he has given his name and address correctly, receives instructions to put Mr. Bat into a cab and send him home.

"And, Constable," says the Inspector to the first man, musing over the watch as he speaks, "do you go back to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and look about, and you'll find, somewhere, the little silver pin belonging to the handle. She has done it in the usual way, and twisted the pin right out."

"What mawrer is it?" says Mr. Bat, staggering back again, "T' morrow-mawrer?"

"Not to-morrow morning. This morning."

"*This* mawrer?" says Mr. Bat. "How can it be this mawrer? *War* is this awr abow?"

As there is no present probability of his discovering "what it was all about," he is conveyed to his cab; and a very indignant matron with a very livid face, a trembling lip, and a violently heaving breast, presents herself.

"Which I wishes to complain immediate of pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three and insists on the charge being took; and that I will substantiate before the magistrates to-morrow morning, and what is more will prove and which is saying a great deal, sir!"

"You needn't be in a passion, you know, here, ma'am. Every thing will be done correct."

"Which I *am* not in a passion, sir, and every think shalt be done correct, if you please!"

drawing herself up with a look designed to freeze the whole division. "I make a charge immediate," very rapidly, "against pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three, and I insistes on the charge being took."

"I can't take it till I know what it is," returns the patient Inspector, leaning on the window-sill, and making no hopeless effort, as yet, to write it down. "How was it, ma'am?"

"This is how it were, sir. I were standing at the door of my own 'ouse."

"Where is your house, ma'am?"

"*Where* is my house, sir?" with the freezing look.

"Yes, ma'am. Is it in the Strand, for instance."

"No, sir," with indignant triumph. "It is *not* in the Strand!"

"Where then, ma'am?"

"Where then, sir?" with severe sarcasm, "I *ope* it is in Doory Lane."

"In Drury Lane. And what is your name, ma'am?"

"*My* name, sir?" with inconceivable scorn. "My name is Megby."

"Mrs. Megby?"

"Sir, I *ope* so!" with the previous sarcasm. Then, very rapidly, "I keep a coffee-house, as I will substantiate to-morrow morning and what is more will prove and that is saying a great deal." Then, still more rapidly, "I wish to make a charge immediate against pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three!"

"Well, ma'am, be so good as make it."

"I were standing at my door," falling of a sudden into a genteel and impressive slowness, "in conversation with a friend, a gentleman from the country which his name is Henery Lupvitch, *Es*-quire—"

"Is he here, ma'am?"

"No, sir," with surpassing scorn. "He is *not* here!"

"Well, ma'am?"

"With Henery Lupvitch, *Es*-quire, and which I had just been hissuing directions to two of my servants, when here come between us a couple of female persons which I know to be the commonest dirt, and pushed against me."

"Both of them pushed against you?"

"No, sir," with scorn and triumph, "they did *not!* *One* of 'em pushed against me"—A dead stoppage, expressive of implacable gentility.

"Well, ma'am—did you say any thing then?"

"I ask your parding. Did I which, sir?" As compelling herself to fortitude under great provocation.

"Did you say any thing?"

"I *ope* I did. I says, 'How dare you do that, ma'am?'"

Stoppage again. Expressive of a severe desire that those words be instantly taken down.

"You said, how dare you do that?"

"'Nobody,' continuing to quote with a lofty and abstracted effort of memory, 'never interfered with you.' She replies, 'That's nothink to you, ma'am. Never you mind.'"

Another pause, expressive of the same desire as before. Much incensed at nothing resulting.

"She then turns back between me and Henery Lupvitch, *Es*-quire, and commits an assault upon me, which I am not a acquisition and will not endoor or what is more submit to."

What Mrs. Megby means by the particular expression that she is not an acquisition does not appear; but she turns more livid, and not only her lip but her whole frame trembles as she solemnly repeats, "I am not a acquisition."

"Well, ma'am. Then forty-two and fifty-three came up—"

"No, they did *not*, sir; nothink of the sort!—I called 'em up."

"And you said?"

"Sir?" with tremendous calmness.

"You said?"—

"*I made the observation*," with strong emphasis and exactness, "'I give this person in charge for assaulting of me.' Forty-two says, 'O you're not hurt. Don't make a disturbance here.' Fifty-three likewys declines to take the charge. Which," with greater rapidity than ever, "is the two pleesemen I am here to appear against; and will be here at nine to-morrow morning, or at height if needful, or at sivin—hany hour—and as a ouseholder demanding the present charge to be regularly hentered against pleesemen respectually numbered forty-two and fifty-three, which shall be substantiated by day or night or morning—which is more—for I am not a acquisition, and what those pleesemen done, sir, they shall answer!"

The Inspector—whose patience is not in

the least affected—being now possessed of the charge, reduces it to a formal accusation against two P. C's., for neglect of duty, and gravely records it in Mrs. Megby's own words—with such fidelity that, at the end of every sentence when it is read over, Mrs. Megby, comparatively softened, repeats, "Yes, sir, which it is correct!" and afterwards signs, as if her name were not half long enough for her great revenge.

On the removal of Mrs. Megby's person, Mr. Bat, to our great amazement, is revealed behind her.

"I say! Is it t'morrow mawrer?" asks Mr. Bat in confidence.

"He has got out of the cab," says the Inspector, whom nothing surprises, "and will be brought in, in custody, presently? No. This morning. Why don't you go home?"

"*This* mawrer?" says Mr. Bat, profoundly reflecting. "How car it be *this* mawrer. It must be yesserday mawrer."

"You had better make the best of your way home, sir," says the Inspector.

"No offence is interrer," says Mr. Bat. "I happened to be passing—this dirrertion—when—saw door open—kaymin. It's a frez of my—I am nor—" he is quite unequal to the word particular now, so concludes with "you no war I me!—I am aw ri! I shall be here in the mawrer!" and stumbles out again.

The watch-stealer, who has been removed, is now brought back. Mrs. Green (the searcher) reports to have found upon her some halfpence, two pawnbroker's duplicates, and a comb. All produced.

"Very good. You can lock her up now, jailer.—What does she say?"

"She says, can she have her comb, sir?"

"Oh, yes. She can have her comb. Take it!" And away she goes to the cells, a dirty, unwholesome object, designing, no doubt, to comb herself out for the magisterial presence in the morning.

"O! please sir, you have got two French ladies here, in brown shot silk?" says a woman with a basket. (We have changed the scene to the Vine Street Station House, but its general arrangement is just the same.)

"Yes."

"Will you send 'em in, this fowl and bread for supper, please?"

"They shall have it. Hand it in."

"Thank'ee, sir. Good night, sir!"

The Inspector has eyed the woman, and now eyes the fowl. He turns it up, opens it neatly with his knife, takes out a little bottle of brandy artfully concealed within it, puts the brandy on a shelf as confiscated, and sends in the rest of the supper.

What is this very neat new trunk in a corner, carefully corded?

It is here on a charge of "drunk and incapable." It was found in Piccadilly to-night (with a young woman sitting on it) and is full of good clothes, evidently belonging to a domestic servant. Those clothes will be rags soon, and the drunken woman will die of gin, or be drowned in the river.

We are dozing by the fire again, and it is past three o'clock when the stillness (only invaded at intervals by the head voices of the two French ladies talking in their cell—no other prisoners seem to be awake) is broken by the complaints of a woman and the cries of a child. The outer door opens noisily, and the complaints and the cries come nearer, and come into the dock.

"What's this?" says the Inspector, putting up the window. "Don't cry there, don't cry!"

A rough-headed miserable little boy of four or five years old stops in his crying and looks frightened.

"This woman," says a wet constable, glistening in the gas-light, "has been making a disturbance in the street for hours, on and off. She says she wants relief. I have warned her off my beat over and over again, sir; but it's of no use. She took at last to rousing the whole neighborhood."

"You hear what the constable says. What did you do that for?

"Because I want relief, sir."

"If you want relief, why don't you go to the relieving-officer?"

"I've been, sir, God knows; but I couldn't get any. I haven't been under a blessed roof for three nights; but have been prowling the streets the whole night long, sir. And I can't do it any more, sir. And my husband has been dead these eight months, sir. And I've nobody to help me to a shelter or a bit of bread, God knows!"

"You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Drinking, sir? Me, sir?"

"I am afraid you have. Is that your own child?"

"O yes, sir, he's my child!"

"*He* hasn't been with you in the streets three nights, has he?"

"No, sir. A friend took him in for me, sir; but couldn't afford to keep him any longer, sir, and turned him on my hands this afternoon, sir."

"You didn't fetch him away yourself, to have him to beg with, I suppose?"

"O no, sir! Heavens knows I didn't, sir!"

"Well!" writing on a slip of paper, "I shall send the child to the workhouse until the morning, and keep you here. And then, if your story is true, you can tell it to the magistrate, and it will be inquired into."

"Very well, sir. And God knows I'll be thankful to have it inquired into!"

"Reserve!"

"Sir!"

"Take this child to the workhouse. Here's the order. You go along with this man, my little fellow, and they'll put you in a nice warm bed, and give you some breakfast in the morning. There's a good boy!"

The wretched urchin parts from his mother without a look, and trots contentedly away with the constable. There would be no very strong ties to break here if the constable were taking him to an industrial school. Our honorable friend the member for Red Tape voted for breaking stronger ties than these in workhouses once upon a time. And we seem faintly to remember that he glorified himself upon that measure very much!

We shift the scene to Southwark. It is much the same. We return to Bow Street. Still the same. Excellent method, carefully administered, vigilant in all respects except this main one:—prevention of ignorance, remedy for unnatural neglect of children, punishment of wicked parents, interposition of the State, as a measure of human policy, if not of human pity and accountability, at the very source of crime.

Our Inspectors hold that drunkenness as a cause of crime, is in the ratio of two to one greater than any other cause. We doubt if they make due allowance for the cases in which it is the consequence or companion of crime, and not the cause; but, we do not doubt its extensive influence as a cause alone. Of the seven thousand and eighteen charges entered in the books of Bow Street station during 1850, at least half are against persons of both sexes, for being "drunk and incapable." If offences be included which have been indirectly instigated by intoxication, the proportion rises to at least seventy-five per cent. As a proof of this, it can be demonstrated from the books at head-quarters (Scotland Yard) that there was a great and sudden diminution of charges after the wise measure of shutting up public houses at twelve o'clock on Saturday nights.

Towards five o'clock, the number of cases falls off, and the business of the station dwindles down to charges against a few drunken women. We have seen enough, and we retire.

We have not wearied the reader, whom we now discharge, with more than a small part of our experience; we have not related how the two respectable tradesmen, "happening" to get drunk at "the House they used," first fought with one another, then "dropped into" a policeman; as that witness related in evidence, until admonished by his Inspector concerning the Queen's English: nor how one young person resident near Covent Garden, reproached another young person in a loud tone of voice at three o'clock in the morning, with being "a shilling minx"—nor how that young person retorted that, allowing herself for the sake of argument to be a minx, she must yet prefer a claim to be a pound minx rather than a shilling one, and so they fell to fighting and were taken into custody—nor how the first minx, piteously declaring that she had "left her place without a bit of key," was consoled, before having the police-key turned upon herself, by the dispatch of a trusty constable to secure her goods and chattels from pillage: nor how the two smiths taken up for "larking" on an extensive scale, were sorely solicitous about "a centre-punch" which one of them had in his pocket; and which, on being searched (according to custom) for knives, they expected never to see more: nor how the drunken gentleman of independent property—who being too drunk to be allowed to buy a railway ticket, and being most properly refused, most improperly "dropped into" the Railway authorities—complained to us, visiting his cell, that he was locked up on a foul charge at which humanity revolted, and was

not allowed to send for bail, and was *this* the Bill of Rights? We have seen that an incessant system of communication, day and night, is kept up between every station of the force; we have seen not only crime speedily detected, but distress quickly relieved; we have seen regard paid to every application, whether it be an inquiry after a gipsy woman, or a black-and-tan spaniel, or a frivolous complaint against a constable; we have seen that every thing that occurs is written down, to be forwarded to head-quarters; we have seen an extraordinary degree of patience habitually exercised in listening to prolix details, in relieving the kernel of a case from its almost impenetrable husk; we have seen how impossible it is for any thing of a serious, of even an unusual, nature to happen without being reported; and that if reported, additional force can be immediately supplied from each station; where from twenty to thirty men are always collected while off duty. We have seen that the whole system is well, intelligently, zealously worked; and we have seen, finally, that the addition of a few extra men will be all-sufficient for any exigencies which may arise from the coming influx of visitors.

Believe us, nervous old lady, dyspeptic half-pay, suspicious quidnunc, plot-dreading diplomatist, you may sleep in peace! As for you, trembling rate-payer, it is not to be doubted that after what you have read, you will continue to pay your eightpence in in the pound without a grudge.

And if, either you nervous old lady, or you dyspeptic half-pay, or you suspicious quidnunc, or you plot-dreading diplomatist, or you ungrudging rate-payer, have ever seen or heard, or read of, a vast city which a solitary watcher might traverse in the dead of night as he may traverse London, you are far wiser than we. It is daybreak on this third morning of our vigil—on, it may be, the three thousandth morning of our seeing the pale dawn in these hushed and solemn streets. Sleep in peace! If you have children in your houses, wake to think of, and to act for, the doomed childhood that encircles you out of doors, from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the stars, and sleep in greater peace. There is matter enough for real dread there. It is a higher cause than the cause of any rotten government on the Continent of Europe, that, trembling, hears the Marseillaise in every whisper, and dreads a barricade in every gathering of men!

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAEL.

[This curious piece has recently appeared in the "Gazette de France," and has excited much remark. It is given out to be the production of Charles X. when Monsieur, and was communicated to M. Neychens, by the Marquis de la Roche Jacqueline.]

Before the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with Mme. de Genlis, her conduct during that disastrous period having not a little contributed to sink her in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, "The Knights of the Swan," (the *first* edition,) completed my dislike to a person who had so cruelly aspersed the character of the queen, my sister-in-law.

On my return to France, I received a letter full of the most passionate expressions of loyalty from beginning to end; the missive being signed Comtesse de Genlis: but imagining this could be but a *plaisanterie* to some intimate friend of my own, I paid no attention whatever to it. However, in two or three days it was followed by a second epistle, complaining of my silence, and appealing to the great sacrifices the writer had made in the interest of my cause, as giving her a *right* to my favorable attention. Talleyrand being present, I asked him if he could explain this enigma.

"Nothing is easier," replied he; "Mme. de Genlis is unique. She has lost her own memory, and fancies others have experienced a similar bereavement."

"She speaks," pursued I, "of her virtues, her misfortunes, and Napoleon's persecutions."

"Hem! In 1789 her husband was quite ruined, so the events of that period took nothing from *him:* and as to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him every month *au courant* of the literature of the day."

What shocking ferocity!" replied I, laughing; "a case of infamous despotism indeed. And this martyr to our cause asks to see me!"

"Yes; and pray let your royal highness grant her an audience, were it only for once: I assure you she is most amusing."

I followed the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and accorded to the lady the permission she so pathetically demanded. The evening before she was to present herself, however, came a third missive, recommending a certain Casimir, the *phénix* of the *époque*, and several other persons besides; all, according to Mme. de Genlis, particularly celebrated people; and the postscript to this effusion prepared me also beforehand for the request she intended to make, of being appointed governess to the children of my son the Duc de Berry, who was at that time not even married.

Just at this period it so happened that I was besieged by more than a dozen persons of every rank in regard to Mme. de Staël, formerly exiled by Bonaparte, and who had rushed to Paris without taking breath, fully persuaded every one there, and throughout all France, was impatient to see her again. Mme. de Staël had a double view in thus introducing herself to me; namely, to direct my proceedings entirely, and to obtain payment of the two million francs deposited in the treasury by her father during his ministry. I confess I was not prepossessed in favor of Mme. de Staël, for she also, in 1789, had manifested so much hatred towards the Bourbons, that I thought all she could possibly look to from us, was the liberty of living in Paris unmolested: but I little knew her. She, on her side, imagined that we ought to be grateful to her for having quarrelled with Bonaparte—her own pride being, in fact, the sole cause of the rupture.

M. de Fontanes and M. de Châteaubriand were the first who mentioned her to me; and to the importance with which they treated the matter, I answered, laughing, "So Mme. la Baronne de Staël is then a supreme power?"

"Indeed she is, and it might have very unfavorable effects did your royal highness overlook her: for what she asserts, every one believes, and then—she has suffered *so* much!"

"Very likely; but what did she make my poor sister-in-law the queen suffer? Do you think I can forget the abominable things she said, the falsehoods she told? and was it not in consequence of them, and the public's belief of them, that she owed the possibility of the ambassadress of Sweden's being able to dare insult that unfortunate princess in her very palace?"

Mme. de Staël's envoys, who manifested some confusion at the fidelity of my memory, implored me to forget the past, think only of the future, and remember that the genius of Mme. de Staël, whose reputation was European, might be of the utmost advantage, or the reverse. Tired of disputing I yielded; consented to receive this *femme célèbre*, as they all called her, and fixed for her reception the same day I had notified to Mme. de Genlis.

My brother has said, "Punctuality is the politeness of kings"—words as true and just as they are happily expressed; and the princes of my family have never been found wanting in good manners; so I was in my study waiting when Mme. de Genlis was announced. I was astonished at the sight of a long, dry woman, with a swarthy complexion, dressed in a printed cotton gown, any thing but clean, and a shawl covered with dust, her habit-shirt, her hair even, bearing marks of great negligence. I had read her works, and remembering all she said about neatness, and cleanliness, and proper attention to one's dress, I thought she added another to the many who fail to add example to their precepts. While making these reflections, Mme. de Genlis was firing off a volley of curtseys; and upon finishing what she deemed the requisite number, she pulled out of a great huge bag four manuscripts of enormous dimensions.

"I bring," commenced the lady, "to your royal highness what will amply repay any kindness you may show to me—No. 1 is a plan of conduct, and the project of a constitution; No. 2 contains a collection of speeches in answer to those likely to be addressed to Monsieur; No. 3, addresses and letters proper to send to foreign powers, the provinces, &c.; and in No. 4 Monsieur will find a plan of education, the only one proper to be pursued by royalty, in reading which, your royal highness will feel as convinced of the extent of my acquirements as of the purity of my loyalty."

Many in my place might have been angry; but, on the contrary, I thanked her with an air of polite sincerity for the treasures she was so obliging as to confide to me, and then condoled with her upon the misfortunes she had endured under the tyranny of Bonaparte.

"Alas! Monsieur, this abominable despot dared to make a mere plaything of *me!* and yet I strove, by wise advice, to guide him right, and teach him to regulate his conduct properly: but he would not be led. I even offered to mediate between him and the pope, but he did not so much as answer me upon this subject; although (being a most profound theologian) I could have smoothed almost all difficulties when the Concordat was in question."

This last piece of pretension was almost too much for my gravity. However, I applauded the zeal of this new mother of the church, and was going to put an end to the interview, when it came into my head to ask her if she was well acquainted with Mme. de Staël.

"God forbid!" cried she, making a sign of the cross: "I have no acquaintance with *such people;* and I but do my duty in warning those who have not perused the works of that lady, to bear in mind that they are written in the worst possible taste, and are also extremely immoral. Let your royal highness turn your thoughts from such books; you will find in *mine* all that is necessary to know. I suppose Monsieur has not yet seen *Little Necker?*"

"Mme. la Baronne de Staël Holstein has asked for an audience, and I even suspect she may be already arrived at the Tuileries."

"Let your royal highness beware of this woman! See in her the implacable enemy of the Bourbons, and in me their most devoted slave!"

This new proof of the want of memory in Mme. de Genlis amused me as much as the other absurdities she had favored me with; and I was in the act of making her the ordinary salutations of adieu, when I observed her blush purple, and her proud rival entered.

The two ladies exchanged a haughty bow, and the comedy, which had just finished with the departure of Mme. de Genlis, recommenced under a different form when Mme. de Staël appeared on the stage. The baroness was dressed, not certainly dirtily, like the countess, but quite as absurdly. She wore a red satin gown, embroidered with flowers of gold and silk; a profusion of diamonds; rings enough to stock a pawnbroker's shop; and, I must add, that I never before saw so low a cut corsage display less inviting charms. Upon her head was a huge turban, constructed on the pattern of that worn by the Cumean sybil, which put a finishing stroke to a costume so little in harmony with her style of face. I scarcely understand how a woman of genius *can* have such a false, vulgar taste. Mme. de Staël began by apologizing for occupying a few moments which she doubted not I should have preferred giving to Mme. de Genlis. "She is one of the illustrations of the day," observed she with a sneering smile—"a colossus of religious faith, and represents in her person, she fancies, all the literature of the age! Ah, ah, Monsieur, in the hands of *such people* the world would soon retrograde; while it should, on the contrary, be impelled forward, and your royal highness be the first to put yourself at the head of this great movement. To you should belong the glory of giving the impulse, guided by *my experience.*"

"Come," thought I, "here is another going to plague me with plans of conduct, and constitutions, and reforms, which I am to persuade the king my brother to adopt. It seems to be an insanity in France this composing of new constitutions." While I was making these reflections, madame had time to give utterance to a thousand fine phrases, every one more sublime than the preceding. However, to put an end to them, I asked her if there was any thing she wished to demand.

"Ah, dear!—oh yes, prince!" replied the lady in an indifferent tone. "A mere trifle—less than nothing—two millions, without counting the interest at five per cent.; but these are matters I leave entirely to my men of business, being for my own part much more absorbed in politics and the science of government."

"Alas! madame, the king has arrived in France with his mind made up upon most subjects, the fruits of twenty-five years' meditation; and I fear he is not likely to profit by your good intentions!"

"Then so much the worse for him and for France! All the world knows what it cost

Bonaparte his refusing to follow my advice, and pay me my two millions. I have studied the Revolution profoundly, followed it through all its phases, and I flatter myself I am the only pilot who can hold with one hand the rudder of the state, if at least I have Benjamin for steersman."

"Benjamin! Benjamin—who?" asked I in surprise.

"It would give me the deepest distress," replied she, "to think that the name of M. le Baron de Rebecque Benjamin de Constant has never reached the ears of your royal highness. One of his ancestors saved the life of Henri Quatre. Devoted to the descendants of this good king, he is ready to serve them; and among several *constitutions* he has in his portfolio, you will probably find one with annotations and reflections by myself, which will suit you. Adopt it and choose Benjamin Constant to carry the idea out."

It seemed like a thing resolved—an event decided upon—this proposal of inventing a constitution for us. I kept as long as I could upon the defensive; but Mme. de Staël, carried away by her zeal and her enthusiasm, instead of speaking of what personally concerned herself, knocked me about with arguments, and crushed me under threats and menaces; so, tired to death of entertaining, instead of a clever, humble woman, a roaring politician in petticoats, I finished the audience, leaving her as little satisfied as myself with the interview. Mme. de Genlis was ten times less disagreeable, and twenty times more amusing.

That same evening I had M. le Prince de Talleyrand with me, and I was confounded by hearing him say, "So your royal highness has made Mme. de Staël completely quarrel with me now?"

"Me! I never so much as pronounced your name."

"Notwithstanding that, she is convinced that I am the person who prevents your royal highness from employing her in your political relations, and that I am jealous of Benjamin Constant. She is resolved on revenge."

"Ha, ha!—and what can she do?"

"A very great deal of mischief, Monseigneur. She has numerous partisans; and if she declares herself Bonapartiste, we must look to ourselves."

"That *would* be curious."

"Oh, I shall take upon myself to prevent her going so far; but she will be Royalist no longer, and we shall suffer from that."

At this time I had not the remotest idea what a mere man, still less a mere woman, could do in France; but now I understand it perfectly, and if Mme. de Staël was living—Heaven pardon me!—I would strike up a flirtation with her.

TWO POEMS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

WATER.

Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But Water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.
Ye who are bred in Anacreon's school
May sneer at my strain as the song of a fool:
Ye are wise, no doubt, but have yet to learn
How the tongue can cleave and the veins can burn.

Should ye ever be one of a fainting band,
With your brow to the sun and your feet to the sand,
I would wager the thing I'm most loth to spare
That your Bacchanal chorus would never ring there:
Traverse the desert and then ye can tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
Sink in despair on the red parch'd earth
And then ye may reckon what Water is worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone
On the ship becalmed in a torrid zone;
The gnawing of Hunger's worm is past
But fiery thirst lives on to the last.
The stoutest one of the gallant crew
Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue;
The hot blood stands in each glassy eye,
And, "Water, oh God!" is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,
No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed;
The herd's low bleat and the sick man's pant
Are mournfully telling the boon we want.
Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold,
How soon we find it is better than gold;
And Water, I say, hath a right to claim
The minstrel's song and a tithe of fame.

THE QUIET EYE.

The orb I like is not the one
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,
That dares to look upon the sun
As though it challenged brighter beam.

That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll,
Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;
But not for me; I prize the soul
That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade
That tells of calm, unworldly thought;
Hope may be crown'd, or joy delay'd—
No dimness steals, no ray is caught;
Its pensive language seems to say,
"I know that I must close and die;"
And death itself, come when it may,
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,
Of gentle blame or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that meaning might reprove.
The haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy;
But never yet could meet and brook
The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
That augurs of a breast sincere:
And, oh! take watch how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear.
Some bosoms give an easy sigh,
Some drops of grief will freely start;
But that which sears the quiet eye
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

THE JEWELLED WATCH.

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother-officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nursemaids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the etceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention agoing; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds.

For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent.-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat: and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like the war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand and said—"You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse; you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but

on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watchmaking happened to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly-jewelled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests: then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed, until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened; he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?"

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we're watching you!" said another; "produce the culprit."

The servant advanced; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: "Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he

returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said; "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "*This* man, at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it."

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery is at its height: that is my only excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

"I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale, thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pâtés* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

THE PAINTER'S SECRET.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Charles Dupont dwelt in one of those numerous small apartments which form the summit of nearly all large hotels or mansions in Paris. He was a young man about twenty, and as he stood at his garret window in the light of the summer's sun, smoking, as artists are wont to smoke, a short pipe, he looked handsome, and for many women captivating. He was pale, thin, and intellectual-looking, with long hair, mustaches, and beard. To an indifferent observer, he presented the aspect of one who was simply indulging in the pleasures of tobacco smoke; but such was not the case. The house he occupied ran round three sides of a square court, the fourth being taken up by the wall of the next house. On the opposite side of the court, on the same floor as that occupied by himself, was the apartment of a work-girl.

This young person was remarkably pretty, and had been often remarked by the young artist, with at first only the admiring eye of a painter, but afterwards with more tender interest.

She was a very industrious girl. She rose early, almost with the sun, and went to bed late, as the young artist knew, for he often noticed her candle burning until midnight. Almost alone in the world, without friends, save a few students like himself, Charles Dupont felt irresistibly drawn towards that happy smiling face, which had so often formed the charm of his garret window. Of late the young man seemed unusually fond of smoking. Every moment not taken up by his art was occupied in inhaling the fragrance of the Indian weed. He scarcely ever went out now, his walks in search of scenery were abandoned, and he never joined his more noisy companions at those public *estaminets*, where the young hopes of France spend their hours in playing billiards, cards, dominoes, in drinking unnumbered glasses of beer, and in blackening short clay pipes—a perfect science in the city of Paris. But then Charles Dupont was in love, and much as the cold-hearted and worldly may sneer, the influence of this passion, when sincere and pure, is always beneficial to a young man. The change it produced in Charles was that always incident to elevated and superior minds, generally the simplest. He had no care now for noisy pleasures. His dream was to be near the unknown idol of his heart, to sit by her, to read to her, to talk to her, and as these could not be, he was satisfied to gaze on her from a distance.

Plans upon plans were laid by the young man to make the acquaintance of his fair mistress; but, like all sincere lovers, in the outset, he was timid. He remarked with pleasure that she had very few visitors, and those always of her own sex. None ever escaped his jealous eye, who entered that room, and he never saw a man enter it. Charles sighed, however, deeply, for he too saw no chance of making his way to the side of his beloved.

One day, it was in the month of May, the young girl stood at her window, putting some pretty flowers in water. She was dressed better than usual, and had got up a little later. Charles Dupont was more struck than ever by the sweet smile that sat upon her face, and by her really singular beauty. An idea flashed across his mind. He took off his working blouse, passed his hand through his hair, took his hat, and went out of his room, locking the door behind him. He moved rapidly and boldly to the door of the young girl. Once in front of it he halted. Charles was brave; and would have defended a barricade with cool determination; but here he hesitated. Mustering courage, however, he knocked gently. The instant he had done so, he would have given the world to have been away, and his heart beat so violently he could almost hear its throbbings.

"What is it I can do for Monsieur?" said the young girl, smiling and blushing, as on opening the door she recognized her handsome neighbor the artist.

"Mademoiselle," said Charles, with considerable hesitation, "I fancied by your flowers, and your dress, that to-day was your *fête*. I am your neighbor, and I thought I might take the liberty to come and wish you a happy one."

"Monsieur is very good. We are old neighbors it is true, though we have never spoken—"

"It has not been for the want of wishing on my part," exclaimed the artist, eagerly.

The young girl looked at Charles. There was so much modesty, resigned and respectful affection in the expression of his face, that she could not for a moment confound him with the usual mass of young men, who caught by her pretty face had sought to make her acquaintance. She held out her hand.

"Since we are neighbors, let us be friends," said she.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Charles, with a burst of genuine gratitude. "Mademoiselle, you do me good. I have no friends. I scarcely ever see a human face which has any sympathy for me. If Mademoiselle would only let me paint her portrait, it would give me so much pleasure."

"But, Monsieur, it would be encroaching on your goodness," replied Constance, who, however, looked excessively pleased.

"You accept, then?"

"Why, Monsieur, I never had my portrait painted. How could I refuse?"

"We would begin to-day; but this is your *fête*. Would Mademoiselle allow me the honor of taking her out for a walk?"

Constance, after a moment's hesitation, accepted. When one is young, one makes friends so easily, especially in France; and then Charles had the talent of making himself liked by every body. He entered her little room, so neat, so clean, so pretty, it made him sigh, as he compared it with his own bachelor den, where no woman's hand had for many months disturbed either dust or cobwebs. In ten minutes Constance was ready. She put on a nice bonnet and a neat shawl, the fruits of her industry, and then tripped down stairs happy as a bird, for we may as well reveal a secret. Constance had for more than a month longed as much to make the pale young artist's acquaintance, as he had to make hers.

They made for the Boulevards mechanically, as every body does, followed them some distance, crossed the magnificent Place de la Concorde, the finest *Place* in the world, entered the Champs Elysées, and by common consent made for the Bois de Boulogne. It was a lovely day. But though they had both seen many such, yet they thought they never had. They scarcely spoke. They walked arm in arm, side by side, and in the wood hand-in-hand. Once Charles asked Constance if she enjoyed herself.

"I am so happy," she replied, raising her dove-like eyes beaming with happiness towards him.

There was something in the words, in the look, which made the young man's heart beat with intense emotion. Thus passed the day in occasional conversation, in constant walking until both felt hungry. They then entered the house of a humble *traiteur*, and the young artist offered his fair friend a very plain dinner, but which neither would have exchanged for the feasts of the Palais-National. Happy age! happy feelings! happy Charles! happy Constance!

Towards dusk they returned to Paris, and the young man insisted, on the occasion of of the girl's *fête*, upon taking her to the theatre. They selected a moderate-priced seat, and here again, the thing being rare to both, enjoyed themselves exceedingly. On leaving the theatre they walked quietly home and parted, to think with rapture on the happiest day which either had ever yet spent.

The acquaintance so pleasantly made was continued. Every morning they nodded to one another from their windows, and about mid-day, Constance gave the artist a sitting. Several times, too, Charles brought in sketches to show her, and then in the evening he would get books from a *cabinet de lecture* and read to her. Every day their happiness seemed to increase. They learned each other's good qualities. Charles was well-educated, well-read, with a fund of anecdote, and rich stores of knowledge. Constance knew little, but she was an apt scholar. She had a quick intelligence, a noble and generous heart, and she was pure and innocent as a child.

For some weeks the lovers, for such they now were, went on happier each day than the last. The portrait made little progress, because Constance could spare little time, and because Charles talked more than he painted. Still it went on. At the end, however, of a month, Constance remarked that Charles was paler than usual, that his spirits seemed gone, he brought no book in the evening, and went away early to bed. She questioned him, poor girl, for she was deeply anxious. She feared he was falling ill, that he was going to die, and then, poor orphan child what was to become of her. For Constance loved him dearly, as women only love men who are above the common mass, men of mind and intellect, though women who can love such men are more rare and precious than aught else in the world.

She watched narrowly the painter's face, and the wild eye and haggard looks made her see that the sufferings of Charles were more mental than any thing else. The mind was ill at ease. She offered to go in and work in his room, while he painted, but he stammered out some excuse, and declined. It was clear then he had a secret, and woman's curiosity was at once at work. She questioned him, she coaxed, she was cross with him, but all in vain, he returned but vague answers to all she said. Constance became uneasy: what could be the matter? He became paler every day, and came less to see her. One day she heard him leave his room and go hurriedly down stairs. She ran out to speak to him, to ask when he would come back, but he was gone. His

key was in his door. Moved by an irresistible influence she entered his room. It was a miserable garret, containing nothing save a few paintings and a mattress on the floor. Not a chair, not a table, not a scrap of any thing in the shape of clothes or food. Constance rushed out of the room, turned the key, gained her own lodgings, threw herself on her bed and sobbed aloud. Charles was starving. A few pawnbroker's tickets lying on the mantel-piece had more than anything else convinced her of this fact.

The pain and suffering now endured by Constance is not to be described. Her feelings were worked up to an intense pitch of excitement. Far from finding her affection lessened at the discovery of the student's poverty, she found it much increased. An unearthly interest seemed now attached to the name of Charles. She felt his talents to be great, and in her heart was sure that he would rise to competence and fame. But at that moment he was clearly starving. What was she to do? She would have rushed to him, have told him all, and bid him share her humble meal, use her little savings, and thus gain time to work; but she feared to wound his pride. He had hitherto kept his own secret, he therefore wished his sufferings to be concealed from her. In vain she thought of any project for relieving his misery, without betraying her full knowledge of it. The poor girl wept bitterly at her own want of inventive genius.

At last, however, an idea flashed across her mind. She caught up some work she had finished the night before, and putting it in a neat parcel, hurried down stairs, taking with her also the half-finished portrait of herself by Charles. She gained the street, and made towards the habitation of a lady for whom she had been working. Madame Pellissier was a young widow, rich, courted, and happy. With every luxury and comfort around her, which wealth could give, she deserved her well-being, for she made good use of it. Fond of pleasure, she was even still fonder of giving pleasure to others. Many were the poor families which owed to her relief from misery and despair. Madame Pellissier would always give up the most charming day's amusement, to find out the details of some tale of sorrow which had been told her; and she felt, when her morning had been thus profitably spent that the afternoon passed more gayly, more quickly, more delightfully than usual.

"Welcome, Constance," she said as the work-girl was ushered into her breakfast-room. I was waiting impatiently for you. My cousin Pierre is coming to take me for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne by and by, and I want to wear that cloak, which no doubt you have made charmingly."

"I hope it will please you, Madame," replied Constance, taking a proffered seat.

"What is that you have in that square parcel, child? and why are you so out of breath and so pale?"

"It is a whole history," said Constance, lowering her eyes upon the ground.

"Let me have it. You know I am vastly curious. Take this cup of chocolate, and tell it me at once."

Constance, taking courage from the emergency, told, in as few words as possible, her history. She narrated how she made the acquaintance of the painter, and then how, after nearly a month's delay, she had found out his secret. Madame Pellissier listened with rapidly awakened interest.

"And what would you have me do, child?" said she, when the young girl had told her story.

"Madame, Charles Dupont is very proud. Relief in money he would not receive, but if you would only be so good as to sit for your portrait to him, you would add deeply to that debt of gratitude which Constance already owes you."

"With pleasure," cried the young widow. "But it seems the case is pressing. Give me his address, and I will send round to him at once. But I cannot pay him for the portrait until it be finished. Has he any thing I can buy of him."

"He has several little pictures in his room," replied Constance, in a tone of deep emotion.

"Go home, child, and be satisfied. My cousin shall ride alone to-day. I will write round to your *protégé* at once."

"But, Madame, not a word of me."

"Never fear, Constance; I know your good little heart."

About an hour later, Charles was crouching on his mattress, his hands covering his face in mute despair, when a knock came to the door. He started, rose, opened the door

about two inches, and received from the Cerberus of the house a letter. Rapidly shutting himself in, he read the perfumed missive. It was a polite note from Madame Pellissier, intimating her wish for him to call upon her at once with the necessary materials for commencing a portrait, she had the canvas ready, and adding a desire to see any finished paintings he might have on hand.

A radiant smile of joy passed over the face of the young artist. It was not, however, the prospect of relief from misery; it was not the chance of a career, of having money. Such things have but little influence over the mind of the true *artiste*, whether poet, painter, or author. Much is said of the improvidence and deserved poverty of literary men; but the calculating and sordid minds of their ordinary judges are not able to understand that spirits such as theirs cannot bend to mere material details. Their souls are so constituted that often their misery is a happiness. It awakens strange thought and reflection. Not to have suffered is not to have lived. And then when the *artiste* who has suffered long, has money, if he were to spend as your careful, prudent man would, he would as lief not have it. The plotting and intriguing necessary to make the most of it would destroy all the pleasure of having. He must enjoy it, though fully aware that the day of suffering must come again. Now Charles, one of those beings in whom mind is more powerful than matter, rejoiced in his month's starvation. It had shown him the heart of his beloved, and he would not have starved for all the wealth the world can give. Noble and generous hearts are not rare, especially among the divine sex, which God created to compensate man for every ill in life, but still they are not found at every step. Charles knew, he was certain, that he owed his present good fortune to Constance; and hence his joyful and happy smile.

He made himself as neat and clean as he could, took two small paintings which he had just finished, in the hope of finding a purchaser, and started for the Rue de Helder, where resided Madame Pellissier. He was agreeably surprised to find a young and elegant Paris lady, who received him with affability, examined his two small paintings with remarks which showed a cultivated taste and judgment, and then intimated her wish to keep them. Charles very thankfully acquiesced, and then spoke of the portrait.

"Well, M. Dupont, you may commence this morning, if you please, but I have a peculiar notion, and that is, that artists should know a little of the person they are about to paint, to do it well. I flatter myself that you would be far more effective in your likeness, if you always commenced by an hour's conversation with the sitter."

Charles smilingly agreed that the young widow's theory was a very plausible one, and entered into a very animated discussion with her on his own art, which he soon found she had studied very considerably. The afternoon glided away very pleasantly, and when he arose to take leave, Madame Pellissier put a small pocket-book in his hand, pointing at the same time to the two pictures.

Charles blushed, as the high-souled *artiste* always does on receiving money from such as Leonie Pellissier, but accepted the welcome payment with thanks and a bow. The first sitting was then fixed for the following Monday, and our hero hurried away towards his home. He went not to his own room, he went to that of Constance. He knocked quickly, she opened. He rushed in, caught her in his arms, and imprinted on her lips and cheeks and forehead a dozen kisses.

"Charles, are you mad? What is the matter? Will you be quiet?"

"My beloved Constance, I am so happy, and I know it is your doing. I have sold my pictures, and I have a portrait to paint. But, sly girl that you are, you forget that only last Sunday you told me all about Madame Pelissier."

"You are not offended, Charles—"

"Offended, my dear little wife—"

"Your wife, Charles. I dare not hope for that. An artist, a great artist, for you will be one, cannot marry a poor work-girl. I see now how wrong I have been. But I never thought of the future. I am happy in your society, and I forget."

"Constance, there is but one joyous hope in this heart, and that is the hope to see you my wife. Without you there is no future for me. Constance, why do so many youthful geniuses fall by the way,

why do so many men of promise and greatness die away unknown, why do so many poetic and godlike hearts sink into obscurity, but that they are alone? We *artistes*, more than any men, need a guiding star. Ours is home work, and there is no home where woman is not. How would you have a man have patience through the daily drudgery of his labor, with naught but four grim walls to gaze at. No, we must have a voice to cheer us, an eye to beam on us, a lip to smile at us, and press on ours; and that voice, that eye, and that lip must be the voice and eye and lip of woman. Constance, it is we alone who know what woman is, and who alone know her value. She is not the plaything and toy of the profligate, the slave and drudge of the sordid, the obedient serf of the plodding man of business, but the companion and equal of the man of intellect—the only real man amid the world's millions. Constance, there are angels in the heavens above, and if, by God's blessing, we are to see them, our eyes accustomed to see such dull objects as this world discloses in its ordinary pictures, would be dazzled by their brightness, had we not woman given us to prepare our minds easily for any amount of beauty in the future spiritual existence. You, Constance, are my guiding star, my angel. With you I shall succeed, without you I shall fail. Alone and unaided I cannot walk. Give me thy hand, be, oh be my wife."

What could the fond and loving girl reply to this speech—to the many a rhapsody—delivered in accents of profound conviction, and with eyes that flashed though brimful of tears? She promised to become his wife, and then, when the delight of Charles had a little abated its first violence, they sat down to discuss their plans.

Madame Pellissier had given a thousand francs (£40) for the two pictures, in France a most exorbitant price. But then, Madame was an artist herself and paid like one; while Charles, modest as he was, set too high a price upon his own genius, to be astonished at any thing of the kind. The lovers very sagely reasoned that in Paris they might very well start in life with a thousand francs, and they agreed that they should be married while they had the money. Constance was an orphan, and Charles answered for the consent of his old mother, his only parent, so that they were as happy as ever were two single-minded beings, who were wise enough to know that if we cannot find happiness in wedded love, we cannot find it at all.

On the following Monday, Charles paid a visit to Madame Pellissier, He was now neatly and cleanly dressed, and though still pale not so cadaverous-looking as he had been on the former occasion. The young widow received him very warmly. She had been much charmed with him on the former occasion, and had looked forward with pleasure to the second sitting. To the young man's great surprise, she gave him the addresses of half-a-dozen friends who desired to avail themselves of his talents. Charles was overwhelmed with joy. His dream was now realized, and he could support himself and wife by his art. There was no longer any necessity for beginning life in the very humble way which at first the young couple had decided on.

"Madame, I thank you warmly, both for myself and Constance."

"And Constance!" said Madame Pellissier, turning very pale, though without being noticed by the artist, who was fixing his easel in a good light.

"Yes, madame. To her—she could not deny it—I owe my first start in my profession. I have long loved her, and now that fortune smiles on me, I mean at once to make her my wife."

"You do well and nobly," said Leonie, with a very sickly smile; and then she added to herself, "Thank God, he has spoken so plainly. I certainly have taken a very strange liking to him, but crushed so early it will not take root. Courage, my woman's heart."

"I am ready, madame."

"And I am at your disposition," exclaimed Leonie, gayly, and the sitting commenced.

The young widow, who, with a warm and generous heart, was peculiarly open to a romantic passion, had certainly found her feelings lean very strongly towards Charles Dupont. But as she had no intention of rivalling poor Constance, she, thus suddenly checked, succeeded at once in mastering what was as yet a mere growing inclination. She felt rather proud of being able to do so, and promised herself genuine satisfaction in witnessing the happiness of the young couple.

The artist was eminently successful in his portrait of Leonie. Employment from that day was not wanting, and at the end of a month Charles and Constance were married. They were happy, and still are happy, for they love one another. I have seldom seen a more delightful *ménage* than theirs. The selfish and cold sneer at love matches, but they confound them with passion-matches. Marriage is a huge falsehood when not founded on affection, and real affection is a thing which is tested only by time. If it lasts, it is real; if it ceases to exist, it was never genuine. In this instance it was evidently true, for after six years of wedded life, the lovers were as happy, if not happier, than they were at first.

THE FALL OF SMITHFIELD.

WITHIN a short time the old Smithfield Cattle Market of London has been removed; whereupon Punch, who contributed not a little to this change, makes the following ballad:—

Now tolle the knel of grete Seynt Paule,
Seynt Sepolchre's alsò,
And hange with black the hye Guildhalle,
Alack for rewth and woe!
Good old Smythfelde eftsoon must fall,
The markett ytt must go!

'Twas merry, on a Monday morn,
To see the ring-droves made,
Whilst goodly tunes on ox hys horne
The stout oak cudgel played,
And many a good round othe was sworn,
And the shepe-dogs bark'd and bay'd.

That musicke we shall heer no more,
For Smythfelde must away,
Sith bulles sometimes old wives do gore,
As thro' the stretes they stray,
And folk think anye dirt a boare,
So squeamish now-a-day!

Our lytle kiddes, as blythe as grigges,
All ynn their nursemayd's care,
With hoopes and balles and whirligiggs,
No more shall thether fayre,
To play among the shepe and piggs,
And take the mornyng ayre.

Come, Aldermen of London Towne,
And Liverymen so free,
Put on each man a mournyng gowne,
Like a funerall companie,
And unto Smythfelde wee will bowne;
The last markètt to se.

And GOGGE likewyse shall wyth us wend,
Cladd in a sable suit,
And MAGOG allsoe shall attende,
Apparell'd like a mute,
To dropp a tear for Smythfelde's end—
Who wolde not ys a brute!

We'll kneele us down upon the ground,
And kiss the pleasaunt earthe,
Each foote whereof so manye a pound
Unto our guild was worthe;
We wyll not mind the folke around
An yff we move their myrthe.

A lytel of that soyl so fayre
Shall each man bear away,
To kepe ytt like a locke of hair
Unto hys dyinge daye,
To mind us of the tymes that were,
And how that lande did paye!

Then back unto Guildhalle again
To baked-meates we wyll stump;
The Citye band, before our trayne,
With drum, trombone, and trumpe,
As yff for some proud warrior slayne,
Shall play a doleful dumpe.

Now, lovely Smythfelde, fare the wel,
It is the mor pittè;
My harte is broke to heare thy knel,
As nearly as may be;
But owt of sight, and owt of smell,
I styll will thinke of thee!

NOTABILIA.

FALSE HISTORY.

THE hero of the historian has been, too long, the fighting man; and, if a large portion of history might be believed, the great problems of society have all been solved by the sword. History, in the classical times, like the bard of the romantic times, was little more than the retainer of the worldly great. The virtue of the Roman was valor, (*virtus;*) and the march of the world's destinies was all represented by the march of the legions. It was impossible that history so written should not be, occasionally, an unconscious satirist of itself,—though the satire, recorded in "invisible ink" for that time, remained to be read in the light of an improved intelligence; and its page is, accordingly, full of morals of the kind, which are legible enough in our day. The great and attitudinal figure of Quintus Curtius, mounted on his war-horse, clad in glittering armor, and riding, full career, before assembled Rome, into a hole in the forum, for the

salvation of the city, is rebuked by the less showy, but also less equivocal service of the goose of the Capitol; and Alexander the Macedonian shares his historic immortality with his horse, Bucephalus. And, by the way, this same showy and dramatic figure of the armed Curtius, engaged in his sacrifice, may stand as, in itself, an expression, in the form of apologue, of the entire philosophy of a great part of ancient history. Overlooking all the hidden causes, the inevitable moral sequences which mould the destinies of men, it has been ever the man in armor who, according to its crude teaching, ruled the issues of his age. The emergencies of the Commonwealth could only be met, or the wounds of humanity closed up, as the gulf in the Roman forum could only be filled by the warrior. All the earth of Rome's Seven Hills, and all the labor of her citizens, could do nothing towards closing the gap in her soil:—add the armed man—and he filled it of himself! A better philosophy, in our day is reversing many a historic sentence; and history itself is, to a great extent, being rewritten. Amid the soft, clear peace-lights of the world, the false glare of what once seemed human glory, stands detected; and, in the review of even those wars which have had the argument of a national necessity, real or fancied, the world will scarcely make the mistake, to-day, of ranking the hero of battle in the first class of heroes. Still, in the hour of contest for interests ill understood, and amid the artificial morality which all such contests engender, it is intelligible enough how the warlike conqueror should have so long imposed himself upon the world in gigantic dimensions. The wielding of great physical forces has the same effect upon the imagination, that the directing of great moral ones should have upon the reason; and the pictures of events are written on the imagination at once, as by a moral Daguerreotype,—while their truths are impressed on the reason, through the slower process of analysis and induction. Imagination is a mirror that reflects merely the figures of events—and does so instantly; while reason is a scale that measures their qualities,—and, to make no mistake in the reckoning, must do it slowly. To the imagination, then, those who have had, or thought they had, an interest in war, have been careful to appeal—surrounding the latter by all such lights and colors as make the most showy impression on that faculty. It is the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" that, in the eyes of men, have so long "made ambition virtue." The clamor of the trumpet and the roll of the drum have stifled, many and many a time, the "still, small voices" in the misgiving heart. Like the great gong which was kept sounding in the temple of the Mexican Dagon, while the human sacrifices were performing, the shout in the train of conquerors has been sedulously excited and fed, while widows and orphans were being made, and humanity was receiving those deep wounds, from which she could not recover in many a year of peace.—*Athenæum.*

THE CYNIC.

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness, and blind to light, mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticism and inuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every loving thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he will answer: *Yes, in the day time.* If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: *Yes, on Sundays.* Mr. B—— has joined the church: *Certainly, the elections are coming on.* The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: *It is his trade.* Such a man is generous: *Of other men's money.* This man is obliging: *To lull suspicion, and cheat you.* That man is upright: *Because he is green.* Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy; honesty, a preparation for fraud; virtue, only want of opportunity; and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner; and in polished phrase, transfixing every character which is presented: *His words*

are softer than oil, yet they are drawn swords. —*H. W. Beecher.*

A PLEA FOR EDUCATION.

At the late assizes held at Stafford, Mr. Justice Talfourd, in an excellent charge to the grand jury, pointedly drew the attention of the gentlemen of the county to the awful state of ignorance among the criminal population, as exemplified by the calendar of prisoners for trial. Out of one hundred and five persons in prison, waiting to be tried, many of them for offences of the most serious character, only two had received what, in jail language, is called a "superior education," and only five could, according to the same estimate, "read and write well," while thirty-five were totally destitute of even the barest rudiments of education; and the remaining sixty-three exhibited shades of ignorance more or less deplorable. The learned judge forcibly illustrated his consciousness of the importance of even a small amount of knowledge, by saying that he believed the ordinary amount of education which the middle classes received, lifted them higher above the totally ignorant than genius itself was raised above respectable mediocrity; and that it was almost as impossible to comprehend the mental action, or enter into the feelings of those whom want of culture had sent out from the world of books, and who were, to a great extent, oblivious of the past, insensible to the present, and without hope and faith in the future, as it was to enter into the feelings of animals. He could scarcely conceive it possible, that an educated man could descend from the position in which his superior opportunities had placed him to the low level of those who were, unhappily, so degraded by ignorance. His extended experience had taught him that, when wages were low among an uneducated people, there was no striking increase of crime, but that the jail calendars might serve as indexes of prosperity; for, with high wages and the opportunity they brought of indulging in intoxicating liquors, violent offences against person and property became alarmingly prevalent. It seemed as though physical luxury, acting upon ignorance, produced crime. The learned judge added, that it was no part of his duty to say, whether a public provision ought to be made for that evil, which private efforts had been hitherto manifestly inadequate to meet; but he earnestly exhorted the gentlemen of the grand jury, while continuing to administer justice for the sake of preserving order and security, to do so with a wise mercy towards those who were so adversely influenced by their deplorable circumstances. A word of comment upon such an expression of opinion, from so high and estimable an authority as Mr. Justice Talfourd, is scarcely necessary to convince those who have the power, of the necessity, for the sake of the security of life and property—to say nothing of what mercy and charity dictate—of educating the masses of the people, and substituting the beneficent agency of the teacher and the school-house for the semi-barbarism of the policeman and the prison—the hulks and penal settlements; or, in extreme cases, the revolting punishment of the gallows.

BIGOTRY AND CANT.

The origin of these two words is curious. The name, "bigot," was first given by the English to the Normans, and was afterwards adopted by the French, for this reason, that the Normans, after their conversion to the true faith, so distinguished themselves by their enthusiasm, were so constantly speaking of God, and doing things with the name of God in their mouths that the words "By God" became characteristic of them; and hence the *soubriquet* of *Bigot*. *Cant* is derived from one Andrew Cant, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, of Charles the First's time. The country people called him "Bobbing Andrew." He accompanied the Blue Bonnets across the Border, under General Leslie, and was one of the two preachers appointed to hold forth in the churches of Newcastle, while the Covenanting army occupied that town. Afterwards, he occasionally preached before the Scotch Parliament. He was noted among his own parishioners as a rigid disciplinarian, morose and austere. Such was their ignorance and wickedness in his eyes, that he refused for two whole years to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper among them. Cromwell did not like him, and, after that general's advent to authority in Scotland, his influence fell away. His parishioners, whom he had ruled with a rod of iron, petitioned for his removal, and he was formally deposed from

his office. He was interred in St. Nicholas' churchyard, Aberdeen; and a Latin epitaph upon his tombstone still records how, by his conversation and his walk, he upheld declining religion, reformed the degenerate manners of the world, and was a flaming Boanerges and a loving Barnabas! From the prominent part which he played in his time, his name was used to denote the peculiar quality for which Andrew Cant was, through life, so pre-eminently distinguished.

FORGOTTEN DISCOVERIES.

There is reason to believe that many of the things which are daily coming to light, through the modern progress of physical science, were known to the highly-civilized peoples of former times; and that what Solomon said was true—"Behold, there is no new thing under the sun!" The natives of the earth, like the earth itself, travel in a perpetual circle,—from the dark into the light, and from the light into the dark again. What is has been; and what has been shall be again. We are but emerging from a buried antiquity, and reviving the discoveries which had for a time been lost and forgotten. How little do we know of the civilization which prevailed on the earth at the time of the Pyramids! Modern civilzation takes date from the birth of Christ; but the civilization of Egypt was in its glory two thousand years before then! How little do we know of the civilization of the mighty people who built the huge, sculptured temples and palaces of Central America. We know absolutely nothing; the race seems to be utterly lost; and these grand ruins are all the record that remains of buried empires! When they were great, opulent, and civilized communities, the British people were painted savages, burrowing in holes of the earth, or under the shelter of thick woods. They have gone down into the dark, and we have emerged into the light. We are reviving their arts, one by one; but we may not rediscover all that they knew. All record of their knowledge has passed away for ever. Even since the age of modern language, written and printed, has come in, we are frequently falling on the traces of old discoveries, which had been neglected or forgotten. The Thames Tunnel was thought to be an entirely new manifestation of engineering genius; but the discovery of an ancient tunnel under the wide mouth of the harbor at Marseilles, a few years ago, showed that the ancients were beforehand with us. The other day, a manuscript of Papin, the inventor of the "Digester," came to light, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain, and that chloroform is no new thing: the name of the newly-discovered treatise is "*Traité des Opérations sans douleur.*" In like manner, at a sale of a library in Paris, the other day, there turned up a dusty old manuscript, entitled, "*A treatise on Electricity applied to the transmission of news,*" and bearing the date of 1765. The author's name was Lesage; he was a physician, the son of a Frenchman settled in Switzerland. It is said that in 1774, an electric telegraph was actually established in Geneva. This telegraph was composed of twenty-four separate wires, answering to the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. This apparatus, all imperfect as it was, is averred to have contained and illustrated the principle of that which is now in such general use. There is also every reason to believe, from the following extract from the works of Friar Bacon, who flourished in the thirteenth century, long before the invention of printing, that the application of steam to mechanical purposes was quite well known to him. But whether he derived his knowledge of such a power from tradition, handed down from those who had lost or forgotten the practical uses of steam, or arrived at it through original investigations of his own, it is impossible for us now to know. The modern inventions of the steamship, the railway locomotive, the hydraulic machine, and the diving-bell, seem to be quite distinctly referred to in the following passage, which is of very curious interest. "I will now," he says, "mention some of the wonderful works of art and nature, in which there is nothing of magic, and which magic could not perform. Instruments may be made, by which the largest ships, with only only one man guiding them, will be carried with greater velocity than if they were full of sailors. Chariots may be constructed, that will move with incredible rapidity, without the help of animals. Instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man, sitting at his ease, and meditating on any

subject, may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds. A small instrument may be made to raise or depress the greatest weights. An instrument may be fabricated, by which one man may draw a thousand men to him by force and against their will; as also, machines which will enable men to walk at the bottom of seas or rivers, without danger." We have certainly discovered, or revived it may be, the steamship, the locomotive, the hydraulic machine, the atmospheric railway, and the diving-bell; but one old patent we cannot get up, —for we cannot yet fly.

STYLE.

"To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly: it is to have, at the same time, mind, soul, taste: style supposes the reunion and the exercise of all the intellectual faculties. *The style is the man.*" Such are the last words of Buffon's Maxims. Southey speaks of the same subject in the following passage, from one of his familiar letters:—"A man with a clear head, a good heart, and an honest understanding, will always write well: it is owing either to a muddy head, an evil heart, or a sophisticated intellect that men write badly, and sin either against reason, or goodness, or sincerity. There may be secrets in painting, but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question, what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style? my answer has been, that he should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself."

EVERY one blames in his neighbor what the world blames in himself.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK,

IN A LETTER TO A COUNTRY FRIEND.

WELL—it is the same this week that it was a week ago—bating the hot weather;—and the foci of talk now are the same with those of the last week's chat—JENNY LIND and the Great Exhibition.

The Swede, appearing prettier than ever in the light *Barèges* which make up her May toilet, and under the roses which the budding summer has rounded into bloom, is culminating her triumph with a hecatomb of hearts. Pray excuse me if I lean that way myself, and if the angelic expression which she threw the other night into her rendering of Casta Diva should bewilder my thought, and make my poor pen stagger like a cripple through this record of our week.

Indeed, you should see her; she is no show woman; she would disappoint all the expectations of *aplomb*, which her public character may have bred in your belief; she would surprise all your anticipations of the *lionne* air; she would dampen all your hopes of triumphant dignity; she would appear to you—for she could appear no otherwise—the sweet, high-toned, devotional woman. And when the burden of her notes had settled upon your soul, and led all your grosser emotions captive to the delightful and holy symphony of her utterance, you would think of her—if you think in my untaught way—not so much as an *artiste*, as the pure-hearted being, whose modesty would light a home, and whose goodness would prove sweetly contagious.

I am not going to measure myself with the critics in this careless letter to you, nor say any thing of her *adagios;* for I should be as unjust to her as unjust to myself.

Not a little of what would hold your eye at a Castle Garden concert would be the motley and enthusiastic listeners. The company is not—as most town concerts—made up of the *knowing* appreciators of difficult music;—nor of those who count it fashionable to venture the price of a stall, upon the grade which opera pursuit will give. They are a wiser people who hear Jenny; they come for the love of the thing; they are mixed of all orders; they are varied with all colors and ages. Here and there you catch sight of some enthusiastic gray-beard, who with no music but

boyish memories of the village choir, is wakened by the echo of this singer into a new learning of sound, and is startled with smiles and tears into a knowledge of those old Scripture figures which peopled heaven with harps.

Blooming country lasses, too, whose vermilion tells the story of their education and of their home, listen with an earnestness at which they are half ashamed to the exuberance of mirth, and to the coquettish sparkle which lights up Jenny's "coming thro' the rye."

I hear indeed, that Miss LIND (how awkward to call her MISS!) is disappointed that the people who come to hear her should *encore* her ballads and leave her Casta Diva's and snatches of lofty oratorios to die in echoes on the bay;—but she must consider that musical education does not grow fast in a working world, and that the sighs and smiles which follow upon the expression of simple feeling pay her a more honest compliment than the bravest plaudits of the singing-masters.

But I weary you with this talk—unless you have heard her.

—— Summer weather, the papers will tell you, has come upon us like a grateful thief, and robbed us of our palletots and shiver—"without our special wonder." The trees are green in the parks, and the birds —such few as buffet the din and clatter of the city—are carolling at the first blush of the morning, as they carol in your woods at home. Pleasure-hunters are conning their charts, and laying their courses for the summer. Southern people are wandering hitherward—forgetful in the balm of the opening season—the aggressions of sharp-talking anti-slave politicians; and (God be thanked!) will weave a summer the closer, those liens of brotherhood which make our nation ONE. If there were no summer, there would be no content; the memory of chill makes warmth grateful, and the memory of wars is the sweetness of peace.

—— Of the opening of the Great Exhibition, which I have posted as the second great hinge of the week's talk—you will have read to your satisfaction, very likely, in the newspapers of the town. And you will have seen, with a twinge of regret, that what I prognosticated a month ago, has proven true, and that the show which America makes in the palace is not such a one as will stir the pride of the descendants, or the countrymen of a Fulton. It is sadly to be regretted that the commissioners have allotted such space to us as should make our shortcomings even more apparent; and still further to be deplored, that gentlemen of taste were not at hand to make such disposition of our effects, as should show some sense of beauty.

But the truth is—and it must be truth for a long time to come—the study of beauty is a new study with us, and a poor-paying study, While our sculptors find their best market abroad, and our painters live scantily, and our poets thrive on a meal a day, we can make but poor show beside the nations who have been these two centuries topping their growth with luxury.

I can easily imagine that the show-cases of the American department should have more the air of shop-boxes, than of the ornamented addenda to a *fête*, and whoever has seen French arrangement, even in the window of a *modiste*, can easily imagine what poor contrast our business men would contrive to the elaborate disposition of Paris work. And here I take from an English Journal, (*Tait's Magazine*,) which possibly may not meet your eye, a bird's-eye glance of what strikes most and earliest in the Crystal Palace:—

"The long and anxiously anticipated 1st of May has arrived. A vast *cortège*, composed of well-appointed and costly equipages, has suddenly supplanted the unwieldy chain of wagons, trucks, and carts that, for weeks past, have all but rendered impassable the avenues and roads leading to the Park. Tens of thousands of spectators, eager to witness the cavalcade, converge in dusky lines athwart the green plain and along the gravel-roads. They are content to wait for more economic days. On the first day none can be admitted under payment of three guineas, nor on the second and third days is admission to be obtained under a sovereign; while for the three succeeding weeks the charge will be five shillings.

"Entering, therefore, with the privileged and aristocratic, as the portals are opened on the above momentous day at the central southern gateway, our readers will, in imagination, behold before them a lofty fountain,

> Chasing the sultriness of day,
> As, springing high, the silvery dew
> In whirls fantastically flew,

> And flung luxurious coolness round
> The air, and freshness o'er the ground.

They may now turn either to the right, and inspect the gorgeous contributions of India, or to the more quaint, curious, but not less ingenious devices from the Celestial Empire, lavishly displayed upon the left. Among the former are included magnificent shawls from Cashmere, Persia, and Nepaul, brilliant in color, intricate in design, yet with every tint so harmoniously arranged and artistically contrasted that they may well long be dwelt upon with admiration and wonder. Here, too, are specimens of goldsmiths' work that would put to shame, for lightness and delicacy of execution, any of the vaunted jewelry of Europe—gems that must excite the astonishment and cupidity of many beholders.

"From China the textile tissues of silk, the embroidery, the elaborate and exquisite carvings in ivory, in wood, and in coral, the natural and artificial productions in infinite variety, have been liberally supplied.

"Farther on, we pause for a while before the shelves and walls adorned with the productions of Greece and the Levant; and it must certainly be admitted that the subjects of the Sultan, though in some respects avowedly far behind the rest of the world, are in other manufactures infinitely beyond them. Italy, Spain, and Portugal demand no mean share of our attention, next arrested by Belgium as we pass by the precincts of the southern to those of the northern States. Flanders, as Tristram Shandy terms it, "the old prize-fighting stage" of Europe, at first sight seems to have presented articles that speak more of the doings of war than of commerce and peace; but her contributions and those of the northern continent of Europe are altogether eclipsed by the magnificence, richness, and variety of our neighbors the French.

"The most beautiful porcelain of Sevres, the costliest tapestry of the Gobelins, the most marvellous carpets from the looms of Aubusson, Parisian cabinet-work, marqueterie, bronzes, and bijouterie, together with the velvets and silks of Lyons, unsurpassed in the world, are crowded here. Even the very fittings, on which these treasures are displayed, themselves merit more than a passing glance ere we proceed to criticise the more solid productions of Holland. Conspicuous among these we find a silvery-toned chime of bells, candelabra, vases, goblets remarkable for the taste with which they have been moulded and adorned; though in this hasty tour we must leave the minute consideration of them to enter the suite of spacious rooms fitted up with furniture from Vienna; sideboards, tables, bookcases, fauteuils covered with a profusion of carving, so exquisitely wrought that it may be questioned whether Grinling Gibbon himself be not here excelled—trophies of ponderous arms, foliage so light that it seems almost to float upon the air, heaps of autumnal fruit, bouquets of summer flowers, only needing their appropriate color to deceive the most practised eye.

"But stay. In close proximity to the vast octagonal hall inclosing the emblems of the industry of the Zollverein, her Majesty and the illustrious group in attendance upon her are offering the mute though eloquent tribute of their admiration to a colossal lion of bronze, a mighty emanation from the genius and foundry of Munich. Never before was the truculent quadrupedal monarch represented so truthfully as here. Beneath the dusky hide, the giant bones here and there protrude, clothed though they be in other parts with a due proportion of brazen muscle and metallic sinew. The creature's head alone is a study. The half-furtive, half-ferocious expression of the eye and lip—the dauntless brow, with the shaggy mass of mane enveloping the cranium—the tremendous development of chest—the firm protrusion of the mighty limbs—impart to the whole statue an air of reality and life that has rarely been approached before.

"Russia has had assigned to her an extent of space proportionate to her territorial immensity, and the performances of her sons indicate, on their part, indomitable perseverance, patience, and ingenuity. Democratic America, in unnatural proximity to the possessions of the Czar, engages the beholder more from the utilitarian character than from the extraordinary beauty and taste displayed in her supplies, although she scarcely occupies her original superficial allotment.

"It will probably be admitted by all who inspect this unequivocal demonstration of the industry of nations, that the Swiss have evinced the greatest amount of mechanical ingenuity and manual dexterity. In support of this opinion we may instance, from a thousand examples, a pen-holder from Geneva, of no more than ordinary dimensions, yet containing within its minute tubular concavity a train of watchwork, wound up by a little stud at the side, and showing not only the exact minute and hour, but the day of the week and month. A still more complicated piece of machinery is that contained in a musical-box, in which an entire military band, admirably modelled and characterized by the most life-like movements, are seen performing numerous recent and difficult specimens of modern music. A golden pocket-book, adorned with exquisite miniature-paintings and landscapes, incloses, within a very narrow compass, a chronometer and a secret receptacle either for a treasured portrait or a cherished lock. The varieties, however, from the several

Cantons are exceedingly numerous, and each beautiful of its kind. Many days might profitably be passed in studying these Helvetic works alone."

The Magazines for May have all of them their quota to say of the event which is certainly the great event of the age, and the successful prosecution of the design from its beginning to its end has been such as to reflect the highest honor upon the energy and skill of British artisans and British planners.

Our letter-writers from abroad are discussing the matter—as you will readily suppose—according to their political and social tendencies, and before the affair shall have floated by, we shall expect to find new systems of political, social, and industrial action based upon the May observations of 1851.

I dropped a word or two some time since about a certain yacht which was to burrow its way over the ocean and challenge the yacht-men of Yarmouth to a trial of speed. I then ventured the opinion that our yachts —intended as most of them are, for smoother waters than the British Channel, would hardly maintain the supremacy which has been fairly won by our clipper ships. It now appears that the model yacht has fallen below expectation even in a trial at home, and the old intention will doubtless be abandoned.

Of all our water-going craft, nothing would excite such a degree of attention among the continental lookers-on at the fair, as one of our newly-finished river steamers. Their prodigious speed, size, and the elegance of their appointments could not but startle into a stupor those honest burghers who have been taught to admire the meagre, slow-sailing, cramped "*Henzog*" steamboats of the Rhine.

The truth is, what belongs to us and carries with its belonging more just pride, than any thing else, cannot be shipped over seas, or put on show in any Paxton Palace. We cannot transport our Rochesters and Buffalos—cities made in a day; we cannot show English agricultural commissioners; our league-long corn-fields hewn into the heart of gigantic forests; nor can we ticket and billet and lay on tables our miles of boats heaped high with the abounding produce of waving prairies. We cannot stow in the "machine corner" of a Crystal Palace that leviathan enginery which mows down trees by miles, and rakes the debris into cities smoking with such labor as makes the poor man rich. Least of all, can we show to their excellencies the purveyors of the Hyde Park show-rooms, the patent of that moral machinery which is making a land—to which all England is a dot—the workshop of nations;—which supplies every craving stomach with food,—every greedy mind with schooling,—every ambitious purpose with a career; and which crowns all industrial action with success, and lights upon a million hearths the incense of content; and with this sop for your national palate, I remain, Yours, &c. ——.

THE BOOK WORLD.

Of books, I have this week very little to tell you. The quick-coming heat of summer half indisposes to reading, and the lettered world lies panting upon the working oar of the winter.

Our publishers, too, many of them, have taken a spring vacation for a run to the Fair; and nothing of importance is upon the tapis.

Mr. WALKER, of Fulton street, has recently issued a very beautifully printed book, being a translation of an historical treatise upon the Protestants of France. Its author is well known to the American world as the able correspondent, for a long period of years, of the *New York Observer*. Many circumstances conspire to give this work great interest at the present moment. Without mentioning the new action and accompanying discussions of the Romish church, there is very much in the existing controversies in the French Protestant Church to give such a history marked importance.

—— New novels, in diablerie covers, appear from time to time, to add heat and fever to the summer of the season. Their writers and publishers are the Homœopathists of Literature.

—— The Exhibition has started into life a hundred guides, catalogues, show-books—indeed a distinctive race of literature, some portions of which may hereafter come under our notice. We may now designate only the illustrated catalogue issued in a uniform style with the Art Union of London. Nothing can be neater or more elegant than its

style, and we shall take an early occasion to transfer some of its designs to the pages of our magazine.

Punch is full, as usual, of his quaint conceits, and points a laugh or two at the meagreness of the American show in the Exposition. We extract a single *jeu d'esprit*, which *Punch* calls "May-Day in London:"

"[*Expressly made for the New York Herald.*]

"Our worst hopes are verified; the Glass Palace has opened and shut. The contributions obtained—pillaged is the word—by the selfishness of the Britisher from all the ends of the confiding earth, are scattered amongst the great social family of man, collected in London—(as has already been trumpeted through the eternal columns of the *Herald*)—for that express and determined purpose. But I hasten, with my coat off and my shirt-sleeves tucked up for the glorifying occasion, to chronicle and arrange the scattered reports brought to me by my faithful liners. I did not myself descend to the pavement, until late on the night of the 1st, but remained in my back drawing-room, No. —— —— Street, with three revolvers on the table and two pokers in the fire, receiving copy, brought from every artery of the metropolis, where the immortal struggle was going on. That copy I have rolled out into the columns before you:—

THE MORNING, THE WEATHER AND THE PEOPLE.

"The morning of the 1st of May broke gloomily. There was muttering thunder about 6 A. M., with heavy rain at 9; but about a quarter-past 10 the sun just smiled enough to disarm the aristocracy of their top-coats and umbrellas; and the crowd poured from Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, mixing with the tide of human life that rolled and gurgled from St. James's, Piccadilly, and May Fair, finally emptying itself in multitudinous waves that surged and beat against the doors of the Crystal Palace. But the aristocrats, like water, found their level, and after awhile flowed into the building. Up to half-past 10 A. M., the arrogant Britishers had it all their own way; but at 12 wasn't '*Rule Britannia*' rather changed to '*Yankee Doodle's come to town?*'

ARRIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"At midday precisely, the Queen and Prince and children arrived at the door of the Glass House, when the trumpets sounded, and the slavish musicians played—but for the last time in this liberated country—'*God save the Queen.*' At thesame moment, a fog—a truly national fog—gathered over the building, and filled every part of it. The vapor was so dense, that for a time it was impossible even to make out a single beef-eater. Taking advantage of this auspicious event, the thousands—(it is, at the present time, impossible to calculate any thing approaching the number)—the thousands of devoted foreign socialists, sworn to the regeneration of the race, by some means formed themselves into an ubiquitous body, and—all acting in concert—when the fog cleared itself away, every policeman found himself a prisoner! Every soldier considered himself disarmed and incapable, and, without the loss of a single life, or the sacrifice of the meanest number, the monarchy of England fell to the ground; and in its place rose, like an exhalation, the magic fabric of the new social edifice! Property was at the moment annihilated; and every body became in a twinkling the owner of every thing!

LATE SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

"Her late Majesty, the late Prince, and the late royal children returned to Buckingham House in an omnibus. The Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, and other late military noblemen, gave their *parole* to return to their homes to await further orders: the late Lord Chancellor emptied the purse, sharing the contents among whatever brethren held their hands to receive them; and all ranks, and all dignities, being there and then abolished, the great family man (of all nations) entered the Crystal Store without tickets, every brother and sister taking to themselves whatever suited their taste and their strength to choose an to carry. The Turkish shawls and slipper found ready customers; whilst the silks from Lyons were, by four in the afternoon, gleaming and glittering in Bethnal Green and Shoreditch. It was feared, at one time, that the great Mountain-of-Light diamond—the Koh-i-noor—would be the sudden means of overturning the social republic before it was well set up, there being so many claimants for its glory. It was, however, subsequently arranged, that the Mountain-of-Light should be broken up into little Molehills-of-Lustre, and divided—as far as they would go—among the brothers and sisters of the human family, to be worn in rotation on Sundays and holidays

"The Glass Store being entirely cleared of its contents, by an early hour in the evening, it was resolved by the new government that Joseph Paxton be empowered to procure a banyan-tree with the least possible delay; that the tree might be solemnly planted! as a type of universal bread (and meat, and drink, and clothing,) to universal man!

"I could write much more, but end, that I may save the packet.

"Your own Correspondent and Brother.

"JONATHAN BOWIE.

"P.S.—The brass band of the 2d Dragoons are just beginning to tune under my window '*Star of Columbia.*'